THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE LEADER OF LEADERS

IF THERE is one feature of the contemporary daily press which more than any other reflects the hectic, almost insane vulgarity and sensationalism which marks so much of modern life, it surely is the flood of cartoons—comic or supposedly serious—which swirls and boils like a gigantic nightmare of almost delirious images through hundreds of thousands of pages of millions of papers every day and every hour of every day, with an extra outburst on Sundays. Here and there, it is true, a genuinely comic or sincerely satiric artist may be discerned at work, but for the most part this mass of stuff reaches the lowest depths of sordid crudity, touched with a sort of epileptic indecency, and cruelty. That there should appear amid this orgy of witless lampoonery at least a few cartoonists whose work still appeals to a higher strata than the degraded mob-mind, is all to the good. Venal politicians and currupt business men can still be fought effectively by the weapons of satire wielded by this group of artists, who often are more powerful than their brothers of the pen. And now and then such an artist displays a power of penetrating through all the superficial aspects of the human scene and revealing fundamental things. Such an artist is the cartoonist Ireland. A reader of THE COMMONWEAL in Ohio clipped a recent drawing by Ireland from the Columbus *Journal-Dispatch* and sent it to us, writing that she wished it might be reproduced in every paper in the country. "Often a picture like this is more of a sermon than the finest preaching." We think she is right. We would add that such a picture is also more truthful, and revelatory of truth, than hundreds of books and articles which seek to explain the present terrible crisis in the world.

The cartoon is entitled: "The answer to another human alibi." In its center stands a figure representing "human history." Near it is a second figure representing "the puzzled human race." The latter might be a politician, or a so-called "representative citizen." Amid a welter of rocks and cliffs of the barren wilderness in which he is wandering, labeled "moral and economic depression," "immorality," "dishonesty," "deceit," "envy," "selfishness," "crime and lawlessness," "avarice and greed," this second figure is shouting, as ten thousand politicians and others have been bellowing: "We lack leadership! What we need is a good leader!" To him is replying the voice of history, saying: "You have had a leader for two thousand years —the trouble is you've turned your back on Him." And

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above the figure of history appears the figure of Jesus Christ in a glory.

Perhaps this cartoon is a more certain sign of returning sanity in our public life than any utterance of any other shaper of public opinion who has been heard of late. For unless the lesson of history which it illustrates so remarkably is really heeded, unless it becomes operative in practical affairs, unless what is preached is practised—the further lesson of history must inevitably become apparent: namely, that the desertion of God by man can only result in disaster for man. At least for Christians it is obvious. For all believers in a supreme divinity, and a moral law that flows from that divine center, it should be equally apparent.

That Christianity was the determining element in Western civilization, few would deny, even those who (like Gibbons or Nietzsche or Marx) attribute to its influence a poisonous, and ultimately destructive, character. That it sought not merely the spiritual hegemony of the West, of Europe and America, but that of the whole world, also is indisputable. For its mission is necessarily universal. Local, or national, or continental, or social, or, in fact, any geographical or anthropological, limitations are inconsistent with its system and repugnant to its spirit. It is, of course, quite true that the super-national quality of Christianity is not only opposed, and apparently frustrated, by those races and nations as yet unconverted, and by those masses of peoples formerly Christians who have lapsed from, or who now consciously repudiate, Christianity, but also by those nominal Christians, or partial Christians, who throughout nineteen centuries of the Christian effort have in practice placed their racial or national or personal interests and ambitions above the claims of their religion. Nevertheless, such failures or defeats or retardations of the universalism of Christianity at any one time, or in any one place, or in many places simultaneously, are not to be regarded as proofs of Christianity's integral failure, or its final frustration. Invariably, because of the supremacy of the spiritual power of Christianity given to it by God, and maintained intact by His Church—which is more than God's organized instrument: which is His living Body on earth, in which all Christians are incorporated (including multitudes not consciously Christian yet truly so because the innermost will of their souls to possess Truth and Goodness and Love constitute their "baptism of desire")—Christianity rises again after all falls caused by the human weakness of individuals, or groups, and resumes its interrupted work.

History abounds in instances of this power of revival, that might even be called the power of resurrection. That power is manifest today. This revival is seen perhaps most obviously in the sphere of practical politics, in the widest sense of that term, wherein the Christian principles of the rights and the liberty of the individual, of the paramountcy of the family as the only legitimate central unit of society, and of the sanctity of private property—and of the social duty of achieving the widest possible distribution of private property—supply the philosophical bed-rock for all systems of economics and of government which are offered to the pagan-materialistic conceptions of state absolutism, whether of Communism, or of Fascism, and, in a lesser degree, yet essentially also controvert the injustices and maladjustments of modern capitalism.

The neglected Leader, through His Church, calls again to all men and women, inside His visible communion, or outside of it—but all alike the children of His Father, and His brothers—to follow Him. In proportion as the call is heeded, will our burdens and sorrows be relieved. The cartoonist Ireland is right.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE NATION was deeply shocked by news that an assassin had attempted to kill President-elect Roosevelt at Miami. It would be difficult to overestimate the consequences that might have followed the attempt, had it been successful. Mr. Roosevelt's election had a significance quite independent of his personality. His emergence as a leader was hailed as a key to the unraveling of tangled problems; and the effect of his disappearance now would be to undermine most seriously the confidence and hope of the country at large. Accordingly the assassin's failure must evoke from every citizen, regardless of party or belief, a sincere act of thanksgiving. Fortunately the would-be murderer seems to represent nobody but himself. Guiseppe Zangara is, on the strength of his testimony, a "hater" of the old school, whose pistol merely expressed his dislike of those in authority. He has also been described as ill of mind and body. The act was, therefore, not the expression of emotions bred by our recent collective experience, but only another illustration of moods probably as old as the human race. There is no possible defense against fanatics of this kind excepting the will of Providence. It is difficult to read the account of this attempt without feeling that mercy and protection were vouchsafed in a quite unusual way.

Insanity at Miami

THE SENATE vote for an appeal amendment, as recorded on February 16, is very surprising and testifies to energetic leadership in the background. What had seemed a few days previous a hopelessly tangled muddle of opinions pro and contra suddenly resolved itself into language as clear and unmistakable as an order for ham and eggs. From more points of view than one, the proposed amendment is not even a compromise. It calls for straight repeal in accordance with the Democratic national platform, adding merely the qualification that federal aid will be given to prevent the importation of liquors into dry states. The idea of submission to conventions in the several states has been adopted, though there is noth-

The Drys Lose

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ing to indicate how those conventions are to be established. This difficulty will have to be ironed out later. It is assumed that the House will follow suit, and that at least one step toward revocation of the famed "moral edict" will therewith have been taken. Of course there is still a long way to go. The language of the new amendment itself provides that ratification must take place "within seven years." Nevertheless the great toboggan has now begun to freeze and the coasting may prove easier than is anticipated. At any rate, the sudden and prompt action of the Senate seems like the apparition of a house with lighted windows to a traveler in dark wastes.

THAT railroad business is an index to all the woes of the depression has long since been clear. The National Transportation Committee was organized to act in behalf of investors to see what could be done to effect a rescue of a business manifestly in a bad way. Its report, now issued, contains little that is astonishing or alarming. The suggestions offered may be divided into two classes, one of which envisages matters of reform to be worked out over a long period of years, the other of which outlines possible emergency measures. Further consolidation, emphasis upon the fact that unrestricted competition belongs to the era of buggies and homesteads, regulation of auto and boat traffic, and changes in the make-up of the Interstate Commerce Commission must be realized slowly and cannot be expected to relieve the situation now existing. One may of course feel that the prospect of intelligent action concerning these matters ought to have an important psychological effect. In so far as immediate action is concerned, the Committee recognizes the need for scaling down the fixed obligations of overcapitalized and super-indebted railroads. Its recommendation that this be accomplished under a bankruptcy law so revised as to permit settlements without the formality of going broke is, of course, in accordance with sound ideas voiced concerning other forms of indebtedness. After that has been done, the one thing remaining is to depend upon the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for loans sufficient to tide the railroads over the existing period of distress. We think that the report is essentially sound and constructive, though it contains little not pretty generally known before the Committee began its hearings.

The Railroad Report

DR. JULIUS KLEIN asked, in a recent address, for appreciation of the qualities displayed by many bankers during the existing crisis. This we shall gladly give, for our part. Blanket charges against any system or group always resemble panaceas. The second cure everything; the first condemn everything. But neither Dr. Klein nor anybody else we know seems willing to phrase the "constructive criticism" he professes to welcome. It is, for example, difficult to get rid of political figures proved to have been guilty of gross negligence and dishonesty. But it appears to be infinitely harder to get rid of the financial domination of men whose ignorance of economic laws and indifference to the value of a citizen's dollar have been demonstrated clearly by catastrophic events. A bank can fail even if its affairs are well managed, provided the margin of capital on which it operates is small and the advice it gets from higher-ups is viciously bad. What interests the nation more is the series of charges brought by such men as Carter Glass against leadership willing to swap banking for speculation. What amazes it is the utter gullibility of "authorities" to whom common folk entrusted their funds with calamitous results. And what confronts it finally is the readiness of wealthy individuals to subordinate the banking integrity of given communities to personal rivalries and piques. We conclude that Dr. Klein will be doing us all a real service when he differentiates specifically between bankers who have merited the collective confidence of the nation and those who, for a dozen reasons, have forfeited it. All of us would really like to know.

Banks and the Public

THE NEW YORK *Times* has done it again, with "unperturbed pace, deliberate speed, majestic instancy"—printed all the news that's fit to print. In this case it was the story which cried to heaven for someone to tell, that Sinclair Lewis's latest novel is mealy and dull as turnips. For the sake of those upright people that have a taste for turnips, perhaps it should be said that the book is as dry as dry ashes and as heavy as wet ones. On its editorial page, the *Times* had the headline, "The Unpardonable Literary Sin." That is strong language for the *Times* and we were startled. "People are writing letters to the newspapers to declare that they are 'bored' by 'Ann Vickers,' " began the editorial and the nameless writer upholding the awful majesty of his paper indulged before the end in a rabbit punch at H. G. Wells's latest book, in this case a blow no fair-minded referee would disbar on a technicality. "Such infinitely tedious threshing of old straw!" exclaimed the editorial and made the charge which we have ourselves heard on several sides that the books sound as though their writers had taken sheafs of newspaper clippings on every conceivable subject, paraphrased them in the most tedious journalese and put them in direct quotes into the mouths of characters whose character had long since been lost.

Poor Books

WE BELIEVE this would be of no importance, as in a free country it is of course anyone's privilege to write a dull book, were it not for the fact that without any notable exception the best-known book reviewers both here and in England sold their public out for a mess of pottage in the advertising columns. We would be pleased to hear from any who would deny this not soft

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impeachment. This again might be only a peccadillo were it not such a flagrant example of something that is doing hurt to the good taste of our democracy, and is making a sorry mess of the publishing business. Public confidence in both publisher and reviewer is so shaken by this sort of ballyhoo, that honest declarations about worth-while literature are apt to be lost in the ruck. The sordid story is that the publisher of one of the books in question, in the mad days of twenty-nine, bought the writer away from the publisher who had, as far as publisher can, labored and made the reputation of that writer. A large cash advance was paid, and as so often results in such transactions, the writer went into a kind of funk probably compounded of present ease, apprehension of not living up to his purchase price and a common affliction of writers known in the tropics as *mañana* fever. The publisher got no book and got no book; his money was out, not drawing interest, when he needed it most. So when he finally did get a book he had, regardless of its quality, to make a best seller of it to get his money back. The story is sad, sad for everyone. The *Times*, however, as we intimated, has again justified our appreciation of its thoroughness and fearlessness.

Questions of Science

AMERICANS have been more than a little disturbed to find that two of our most distinguished physicists, Dr. Robert A. Millikan and Dr. A. H. Compton, differed widely as regards the significance of cosmic rays. They are both Nobel Prize men, so their intellectual capacity would seem unquestionable, and yet their advocacy of their own opinion and denial of the opinion of the opponent was strenuous enough to wake up no little feeling in the American Association for the Advancement of Science which met in Atlantic City during Christmas week. Some people were inclined to doubt that such thoroughgoing differences of opinion could occur among great scientists. Academic circles at a distance were inclined to ask in Virgilian phrase, "Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?" (Can there possibly be such contradictory opinions even in the minds of the gods?) Fortunately January saw the advent among us of Abbé Lemaitre, a young Belgian priest cosmologist, who seems to be able to hold the balance between them to a great extent. Even Professor Albert Einstein according to the *Science News Letter* for January 21, 1933, has given his scientific blessing to the ingenious theory proposed by Abbé Georges Lemaitre that cosmic rays are birth cries of the universe and the radiations from the super-radioactive primeval matter that existed when the universe was young. As the *Science News Letter* is the organ of Science Service, the institution for the popularization of science organized under the auspices of the National Academy of Science, the National Research Council, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, it can be depended on for an absolutely scientific statement of the case.

The Ready Answer

IT IS interesting to learn from Baltimore that the two pioneer Catholic laymen there who have been making curbstone addresses under the auspices of the Catholic Evidence Guild of Baltimore are soon to be supported by recruits from a class of twenty-four who have been in training for some time. This work has been undertaken only after the most careful preparation under the direction of the Reverend Doctor John J. Russell and a board of four priests appointed by Archbishop Curley. The members of the Guild who are seeking to qualify for speaking in public, study some specific subject and are then, after passing requisite examinations, licensed to teach and answer questions on that subject only. They now may begin study on another subject and in time qualify to deal with that too. Thus they are not superficially informed and able to give glib answers on almost any topic. They have some prospect of satisfying their serious interrogators. Part of the training in class is the cultivation of an aptitude for dealing with hecklers. No attempt is made to preach or to exhort. Catholic doctrines and worship are simply explained. And now recently, in New York, the National Catholic Converts League has announced weekly indoor meetings at its headquarters. At the same place inquiries by phone or mail will be answered at any time by the permanent secretary. Development of similar services at various points throughout the country are constantly being reported. Surely this charity of the spirit is as vitally necessary in our times as the works of corporal mercy.

"The Lovely Grantchester"

HOW MUCH of the power of Rupert Brooke's legend is due to his poetic gifts, and how much to his personal beauty and the glamor and gallantry of his death, is an open question. Of his best-known poems, the sonnet "If I Should Die," "The Great Lover" and "Grantchester," the last is the longest and the oftenest quoted: yet it owes a large part of its mood and flavor, to say nothing of its exuberant use of the rhyming couplet, to the poet's devotion to the verse of Hilaire Belloc. Still, whatever may be the final rating of Rupert Brooke's original ability, his legend, as a legend, is perfectly authentic; that is, it dramatized and fixed for a period something that that period rightly valued and would otherwise have lost from its consciousness. The joyful youth, in love with life and in love with death, remains; and Grantchester is part of what he means. We personally have never seen that village, across the flowering meads from Cambridge; we do not know whether, as Brooke said, all that is most dearly and impredicably English is clustered there. Knowing poets, we are willing to assume a margin. But we should feel definitely poorer if its character were lost, and it ceased to be itself and became merely the appanage of some other place. From that fate it has just been saved by the Pilgrim Trust, the fund founded

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by E. S. Harkness. An express highway, planned to cross the meadow, which would have turned Grantchester into a suburb of Cambridge, has been diverted, at the interposition of the fund, and Grantchester stays untouched. The church clock still stands at ten to three, and there is honey still for tea. It is a good way to spend money. We have often wished for a like-minded angel in this city, to buy a roundabout for the 9th Avenue Elevated at 59th Street, and give the Paulist Church the perspective it so richly deserves.

An Artist in Extraction

LIKE all virtuous citizens, we abhor frauds—swindlers, confidence men, gold-brick merchants, philanthropic pedlers of silver-mine stock in Never-never Land, quixotic sportsmen who pay you twenty dollars for guessing what shell the pea is under. Of course we do. Still, we find ourselves reflecting from time to time that some rascals bear you rue with a difference, that some takers take you after such open warnings, and with such color and *brio,* that the business is hardly one-sided. Chief among those who might lay claim to paying their way in this fashion we place Oscar Merrill Hartzell, former candidate for sheriff of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Hartzell has just been forcibly returned to us from England, after a ten-year sojourn in that country which he devoted to pretending, at an enormous profit to himself and with no factual basis whatever, that he was the heir to the estate of Sir Francis Drake, gentleman buccaneer of the spacious times of great Elizabeth. The affair was conducted by letters, and he selected his clientele (mostly, it is said, from his native state) with such admirable instinct, and displayed such holding powers after they were hooked, that he received from $500 to $5,000 weekly to help him "press his claim." The donors were assured of $1,000 back on each dollar advanced, when the estate—alleged to consist of twelve blocks in the heart of the city of London valued at $22,500,000,000—should be settled. Everything was grist to Mr. Hartzell's mill during the decade of his glory: international debts, those banes to the rest of mankind, were cited as insignificant units whereby the enormity of the fortune might be measured; King George's illness of three years back was imputed to worry at the impending loss to the Empire of such a treasure; Mr. Mellon's recent surprise visit figured in the letters as a secret conference on the same business; and so on. Now, alas, the song is ended, the dusty daylight is let in. And we are moved to ask, Didn't these people really get their money's worth? Anyone who has $500 or $5,000, and yet falls for such a story, is not really looking for a 1,000 percent return on his investment. He is looking for romance, and for ten years Mr. Hartzell gave it to them serially—a breathless romance in which they actually figured, which is more than most of us get. As he wends his escorted way back to Iowa to revive his relations with reality, we paraphrase Nero: *Qualis artifex peret!*

The Green Pastures

THE CASE of "The Green Pastures" has been curious from the first. It is a mystery, in the mediaeval sense; it presents the Old Testament as the folklore of the American Negro without impairing (or so many devout people think) its character as revelation; its original cast are all Negroes. But besides these items, which merely mark the play as unusual, its history has been unusual. While in manuscript, it was offered vainly to Broadway managers over a long period until one of them finally took a chance and made a fortune. Before production, it was passed on favorably by a committee of leaders of all denominations, yet some of the orthodox laity (also of all denominations) were scandalized by it. After its phenomenal run in New York, it was barred from England, the home of freedom of speech, etc.; and though Sweden admitted it, its trial performance was hooted from the stage. Finally, what press reports say is happening in Washington is curious indeed. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has petitioned the authors to remove the play from the theatre there (which, incidentally, admits Negroes into the audience to view the original Negro cast only at special performances) though it is doing a thriving business, because it has called forth race prejudice and threats against the actors from some of the populace. And still the play goes on. Or should one say, "And therefore—"?

DIALECTIC OF PITY

TAINE said of Rembrandt that he "could comprehend the religion of grief, the genuine Christianity." Whether this definition of the creed which has established Western Europe be held correct or not, men seem to have veered toward acceptance of it during more than a century. For several reasons—not all of them reprehensible—former ages did not put social misery in the center of their picture of man. Only the best thinkers paid much attention to the plight of economic outcasts; and even they were so accustomed to traditional class distinctions, or so aware that the next life would compensate for the ills of this, or so firmly convinced that magnificence is the proper environment of aristocracy, that prophetic denunciation was a form of moral exercise in which they seldom indulged. But for about a hundred and fifty years, the Western world has been filled with the clamor of the dispossessed and unfortunate. This outcry has not always been an explosion of wrath, as in the French and Russian revolutions. Sometimes it was merely poetry, tender and pitying; again it was a serene apostolate like that of Saint Vincent de Paul. Viewed in its numberless forms and aims, it is almost a chart of modern spiritual progress.

One notices at once how great a use of Christian teaching could be made by this new orientation of the mind. Incorrect though it be to say that Christ formu-

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lated a "social doctrine," the fact remains that He virtually made immortality depend upon what one did for the hungry and the naked. There is hardly a single one of the miracles which does not set an example here. And Nietzsche appropriately launched an attack upon Christianity precisely because he felt it necessary to halt the prevalent habit of social sympathy. But though this aspect of the kingdom of heaven was heeded more and more insistently throughout the nineteenth century, almost all other aspects were more and more widely neglected. Victor Hugo proclaimed the sovereignty of charity while denouncing dogma. Thomas Hardy, for whom science had undermined the assumptions of faith, isolated pity in almost the very form in which he had distilled it from the New Testament. In short, the more deeply absorbed men became in that element of love which figures so prominently in the Gospels, the more certain they seemed to become that these Gospels were fairy-tales.

It will, of course, be unnecessary for one to argue that even so noble a virtue as charity cannot flower in a vacuum. Every modern writer on morals stresses that point over and over again. Though the French Revolution took its origin in a manifesto of liberty and fraternity, it was nevertheless a bloody mess. I deeply admire the virtues of divers apostles of syndicalism, but there can be no doubt that they invented a singularly destructive kind of dynamite. These examples are easier to understand, however, than is a vastly more prevalent social phenomenon. Why is it that despite our talk and our improved industrial facilities, civilization remains as indescribably brutal as it has been, not since 1914, but since 1919?

The answer to this question naturally has many ramifications. But if one were looking for a single fundamental philosophic response, that would proably be: humanity has made of forgiveness a necessity, a cosmic law, rather than a virtue. Majorities, whether reckoned in terms of the group or of the individual, have not considered themselves "responsible" for the direct or remote effects of action. Economic, national and social conflicts have been defined as inevitable; man is pitiable because he is subject to natural law, in the supernatural escape from which he has lost faith; and so all must be forgiven for what they do, because it is impossible for them to do otherwise.

In other words: the noble Christian virtue of pity has been associated with a philosophy, a metaphysic, with which it is not compatible. Enunciated first as the principle of expression contained in a wholly new and authoritative account of human destiny, it came to be understood by the moderns as an inevitable corollary to a recently arrived at scientific cosmogony. That the fittest struggle to survive is a fact which, inescapable though it be, remains distasteful to the human spirit. Therefore desire to help the unfit survive becomes the really heroic core of "scientific" man's battle against the universe. Cosmic forces are like the Eumenides, hounding us to bare our fangs and eat; but like the tremendous figures of antique myth, the race confronts the fates and waves them back with tragic bravado. Of necessity, you see, man becomes his own deity. He is the kindliest, most redemptive creature in the fleet that sails through ether . . . and he pities himself in pitying others.

Curious that the authority of science should have so far supplanted the revelation of the Galilean! For, in the final analysis, it proved nothing and answered nothing. How can human conduct be determined and self-reliant at the same time? How shall one acccount for the sudden blossoming of pity in a universe that is heartless? In what manner can the human being, haunted by a dream of regeneration, try to escape from the ape ancestor mirrored (so it is said) in his own subconscious psyche? After all, one might make a reasonable theoretic apology for Christianity by taking pity as a starting-point. It is repugnant to the human spirit to applaud the glutted fittest survivor—that, at least, is a fact. So strange a truth can be explained (and in no other way, it seems to me) by assuming that it and all other ideals of human action are determined or made self-reliant by reason of a rule essentially different from natural law. The will, or the grace, of God and man's conformity with it—here is an energy and an application of energy which render it conceivable that pity, or mercy, should sometime reach its goal. Man may then be self-reliant in so far as he may reckon with the presence of grace in his soul. Man may reasonably be kind because he knows that God is kind.

Pity is thus unmasked as the acid test which mankind has applied to the "laws of the science of humanity" sponsored by centuries in rebellion against Christian theology. Stirred by dreams of progress, or of ultimate happiness, the best minds in particular have been aware of manifest limitations. Modern pity may, indeed, be best defined as a protest against universal limitations. It has nowhere been so concretely and effectively phrased as in the doctrine of Socialism. The "state" here is really a plan for conserving and applying scientifically the energies at the disposal of the race. But since these energies do not suffice to bring happiness or contentment to everybody, the Socialists have of necessity clung to a dream of perpetual betterment of a sort which must be termed miraculous since it cannot be explained on the basis of nature as it is. Thus the advocate of Marxian science, beginning with pity for the downtrodden, ends by finding himself obliged to pity mankind and to seek an exit from fate in poetry.

Meanwhile the traditional Christian faith is involved in no such contradiction. To it the destiny and methodology of the race are Divinely ordained, so that "God's plan" becomes the only "natural law" of mankind. Upon one's affection for this plan the love of others is contingent. The goodness of the All renders it both possible and reasonable to wish the good of every individual soul.

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BABES IN THE WOOD

By TERENCE O'DONNELL and DWIGHT CRAGUN

Like many another person, the authors of the following paper have been fascinated by the increase in state power resulting from current disturbed conditions. "There were," they write, "30,800 banks in the United States. There are now 19,000, and their balance sheets show a $1,500,000,000 flight in capital resources from the 1931 peak. . . . It is a fair surmise that the bulk of this has gone back into the federal coffers in exchange on the amounts loaned by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation." What this means is the theme of Mr. O'Donnell's and Mr. Cragun's speculations.—The Editors.

AN ACCIDENT or fire in the neighborhood focalizes an apprehension of dangers overlooked thitherto, and safety plans are more safely drawn as a result. A fortuitous social call often enables a physician to diagnose serious bodily conditions and so checkmate them and bring about a cure that would have been impossible had the patient's condition become chronic. So it is with the citizen and his Uncle Sam. Uncle was a relative appreciated all the more for his infrequent visits and occasional remembrances. Now, however, the citizen sees his Uncle as a new sort of immanent entity who, having settled down with him bodily and having drunken, is wanting to go places and see things. He has taken nephew citizen's hand and together, like modern Babes in the Wood, they are approaching all sorts of marvelous prospects that strangely fade as fast as they are approached. If New Zealand, Australia and Russia loom up most surely and bleakly on the horizon Uncle Sam turns aside from such somber prospects, and assures his companion that such things could never happen in their particular Wood.

But the other Babe in the Wood rubs his eyes and doesn't feel quite sure. If he consoles himself with anything it is with the thought that night is passing, dawn will come and his Uncle will sober and perhaps sicken in the morning after. In fact he wonders whether he had not better reach into Uncle's pocket and remove the wherewithal which encourages his companion further to explore the fascinating fastnesses. He begins to recall things he has heard, phrases like "capitalistic Socialism," and wonders whether like other handy terms which have passed into the language it may not have the deep connotations which ensure the passing of obviously handy words into the common vocabulary. And now that he has seen his Uncle Sam along on a strange venture he wonders whether capitalistic Socialism may not mean more than its proponents thought it did, and instead of describing mere government aid to distressed railroads and banks, it may also describe the current phenomenon of a state of Socialism being arrived at by capitalistic processes.

The cult of technocracy is but a sugar-coated name for this same process. Fundamentally the new cult of technocracy calls for centralization of the nation's power wealth, its appraisement, and the units of that appraisement assayed in terms of value to afford an auxiliary currency or displace gold altogether as means of exchange. If this would seem to place too much power in the hands of government at the expense of private ownership and initiative, let us see whether another condition precedent to that possibility has not already taken place.

There were 30,800 banks in the United States. There are now 19,000 and their balance sheets show a $1,500,000,000 flight in capital resources from the 1931 peak. While much of this was in the securities, mortgages and loans we have come to term frozen assets, it is a fair surmise that the bulk of it has gone back into the federal coffers in exchange on the amounts loaned by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The Glass bill which is being offered at the current session of Congress proposes great and important changes in the plans and policies of the Federal Reserve System which will make for further government centralization in the banking field. That it will do so does not imply acquiescence on the part of bankers to the measure. Bankers know the adverse conditions which will continue to affect banking for some time to come, and the new legislation finds them reconciled to it as a compromise in face of the fear of possibly more drastic legislation. But actually this federal interference is but a first step in the socialization of the nation's credit reserve.

The new year opened full upon the staggering problem of collection by the United States of $11,000,000,000 in international debts, and the French refusal in respect of its interest due constitutes the most acute phase of the difficulty. The Socialistic dream of a commonwealth of nations amiably or forcibly committed to peace has been considerably advanced by the French default and the American and other nations' reaction to it. There is no doubt that by her default, be it temporary or permanent, France has created a definite future financial impasse against wars, for no nations will subscribe loans to aid an aggressive nation with history showing up the more than probable certainty of default.

United States banks and investors have a stake of $5,000,000,000 in loans made to South America, much of which is in default due to untoward conditions in the nations of that continent. Indeed it is safe to assume that like the war debts much of this will remain uncollectible. Various steps, such as an increased policy of trade reciprocity, seem imminent; and this intensive cultivation of mutual relations may well operate to make a Pan-American United States more than an academic dream. And we can well ask ourselves if the various Socialistic aspirations in Argentina, Chile and Mexico are very adverse to our own present policies, and whether allowing for the difference in tempera-

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ments they are not actually paralleled. The logical outcome would seem the same socialized viewpoint operating to lessen the integrity of boundaries and hasten the arrival of a federation premised on ideas at violence to the patriotic dreams citizens of a nation cherish.

There is no doubt that taxes have passed beyond their proper norm as a reasonable source of governmental income, and are now become methods and sources whereby government draws to subsidize other industries far removed. Direct taxation of motor vehicles, parts and accessories, for instance, passed some time ago from the realm of an income for road or street maintenance. In Illinois, for example, the $20,000,000 reserve from the gasoline tax was used as security for the bonds the state voted for unemployment relief. The Federal Farm Board's past activities and its proposed new allotment and export plans penalize many lines of industry in the hope of stabilizing conditions for the farmer and restoring his buying power.

The farmer waits hopefully in the Wood, a capitalistic image radiating the Socialistic aura with which government labors to surround him, and his potential consumer has no cash reserve to lay in a supply of ham and bacon against the day pork prices shall be high. The question is, do we wish all this paternalism at the price? For a while the current trend of government remained in the obscurity with which all men viewed affairs in the era of waning prosperity. The student of economics professed to view these trends toward Socialism as alarming experiments, and the man in the street conceded they might prove costly as well. But is it not wise to admit that "costly experiment" may not be an obsolete phrase, that it no longer fits, that "capitalistic Socialism" is the true name, and in all implications abhorrent to American "rugged individualism."

It is an open question whether the present disastrous policy of the government in its strange new sphere of action did not begin with the creation of the hybrid guide known as the Interstate Commerce Commission and the recapture clause of the act which brought it into force. This provided that half the excess earnings over 6 percent made by the stronger railroads should go into a government revolving fund upon which the smaller and weaker railway lines could draw. In other words while, with one arm of its being, government refused the railroads the economic privilege of combining and coalescing, an extraneous and purely eleemosynary impulse seems to have guided where the community of railroad earnings was concerned. Under the present stress there is possibility that the railroads will agitate for repeal of the 6-percent clause, and if made retroactive this should return approximately $360,000,000 to the railroads. It is sure that had government used ordinary restraint the law of the survival of the fittest would have operated, and it would not now in the rôle of social philanthropist be loaning funds to railroads whose operations are no longer self-liquidating.

The new administration is committed to a half-billion dollar reduction in the national budget, but the lethargy which postponed this necessary amputation is no premise to greater and full time employment, ample credit, renewed buying, industrial and agricultural peace. These are all economic entities which no political wand can wave into being, however fondly imagined the governmental scheme for their rehabilitation. The theory of course is that sensing untoward influences government would take the hand of the citizen ridden with misfortune and scepticism and traverse like Babes in the Wood toward a Promised Land. Good-will and prosperity having been attained, government would then withdraw, and like a benevolent Uncle watch the citizen's health in the new surroundings.

But from the various adventures along the trail passed thus far, we have no assurance that such will be the case. We see a government which, while it saw fit to make hard the way of a going business by artificial restraints and unreasonable tariff barriers, used none of the circumspection of ordinary business management in its own ventures and is mortgaging the future in a way and at a pace which the most reckless business adventurer would shy from—if indeed his strategy would be permitted to shape such a course. For the time, then, the citizen can only hope with renewed cynicism and stubborness that lessening taxation and therefore income will operate to disassociate his Uncle from his Quixotic venture. But restoration of the *status quo ante* is quite a different matter, and however the prophets may proclaim we have reached the end of an era, the stars and sun and moon still move in their courses and the end of the world is still too remote for us to give over irrevocably to the remedies of despair.

It would seem that the interpretations of education and even religion have fallen short in not more fully impressing the masses with the true remedies which rest within their power. Education to draw out the fullest development of one's personality, religion to assess man in his true light as a veritable son and image of God, these are the complementary desideratums, and in fact must be recaptured in their full exercise before anything like secure faith and confidence can be restored. If no man can serve two masters, doubt and confidence, certainly then no government can serve twin theories of its existence. It is either a commonwealth of free individuals working out their problems of living without misguided and disturbing interference; or it is perforce a socialized entity, with everyone and everything committed to the plans of a socialized state.

This latter is abhorrent both to the American ideal and to the American temperament, which possesses a remarkable degree of stability and elasticity even while existing on the most depressed levels. Lifting the weight of commitments to alien and neo-Marxian theories will release the American citizen's native resilience and permit him freedom to function in his divine right as political unit and free human being. This alone gives him integrity in the face of either good fortune or calamity, for even a beggar has an allotted right to choose his own chair in the poor-house.

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THE NATION'S DEBT TO HUEY LONG

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THERE is some reason for regret that the Honorable Huey Long did not enter the Senate of the United States years ago—say ninety-nine or a hundred years ago. Of course, it was highly appropriate that the self-styled Kingfish of Louisiana should have been holding the stage during the last lame duck session of the greatest deliberative body on earth simultaneously with the rush of State Legislatures to ratify the new Twentieth Amendment which ends lame duck sessions for all time.

Probably the antics of the Kingfish in Washington stimulated action in the various state capitals; that's why there is justification for regret that he did not appear to grace the American scene some considerable time ago. Had he done so, the American government would not have been exposed to the results of four months' inaction or worse during the greatest crisis since the World War.

The nation has endured the lame duck session evil for more than a century with that curious indifference which Americans habitually indulge with respect to the mechanics of government. But this year, for the first time, a lame duck session was synchronized with Mr. Long and that was the end of the lame duck session. As an unwitting agent of that Providence with which mystery of action is traditional, Mr. Long convinced the American people that they had tolerated this nullifying anachronism of democracy until tolerance had ceased to be a virtue.

Perhaps the lame duck system should be outlined in order to give additional clarity to the workings of the plan by which it has been succeeded. All members of the House and one-third of the Senators are elected every two years, in the even-numbered years. The terms for which they are elected begin on March 4 following the November election. But the Constitution specifies that Congress shall assemble each year in December. So, for more than one hundred years, there has been the biennial spectacle of members, repudiated by their constituents in November, rushing back to Washington in December and continuing to legislate until March 4. In practice the system has been even worse than in theory because, unless a special session was convened soon after March 4, the new members would not actually take their seats until the following December—more than a year after they were elected and less than a year, in the case of representatives, before they would be called upon to stand for reëlection.

The peculiar status of a defeated member continuing to exercise the prerogatives of office for more than four months thereafter called for the coining of a descriptive phrase. Years ago, some one christened such a member "a lame duck." No one nowadays seems to have any very satisfactory explanation as to why this particular phrase was used but it has an eminently satisfying quality to those who have watched the antics of members thus designated.

Now for the new system provided by the Twentieth Amendment. Elections will be held in November as usual. Members elected in November will take office January 3 and Congress—the new Congress—will meet that same day, about two months after the election instead of thirteen months as formerly. The President elected in November will take office on January 20 instead of March 4, the interval between January 3 and January 20 being designed to handle the contingency of the election of a President being thrown into the House or the election of a Vice-President being thrown into the Senate.

The Congress which assembles on January 3 may remain in session as long as it chooses; possibly until the following January 3 when another session begins. It is possible under the new system, once inaugurated, for Congress to be in continuous session without any extra session calls. Under the old system there was always the biennial gap in the odd-numbered years between the death of the old Congress on March 4 and the convening of the new in December. That gap could not be bridged except by an extra session, and if the President did not choose to call an extra session there was nothing Congress could do about it.

But the primary objective of the Twentieth Amendment is not to keep Congress in session more than it has been. Nor is the primary objective a desire to get rid of the absurdity of allowing members to legislate after they have been defeated. Theoretically both of those considerations may be desirable, certainly the latter is. But the real animating purpose of the Twentieth Amendment is to induce Congress to quit wasting time and to make it continuously amenable to the popular will. The desirability of this latter condition can hardly be questioned without repudiating the fundamentals of democracy. There may be some who have their doubts about democracy, but even they would hardly advocate the alternative of government by discredited political hacks, many of whom in the past have demonstrated a willingness to trade legislative votes for executive favors such as appointments which would keep them on the public pay roll. Intelligent dictatorships are not made of such as these.

The theory that the new system, by opening the way to a continuous session of Congress, will actually prevent waste of time, is based upon the argument that there will be little advantage to be gained by time-wasting tactics. Filibusters, such as the recent

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Kingfish marathon in the Senate, are feasible only during short sessions with a fixed date of adjournment. Probably even Mr. Long would hesitate about starting a filibuster on January 3 with the knowledge that he might have to continue it for two years if he began in an odd-numbered year, or one year if he started in an even-numbered year. Of course, under any conceivable system with fixed terms for members, there always comes a time when the end of a Congress is in sight and a disgruntled member may block legislation by talking until the final gavel falls. However, under the old system, a bill talked to death during the December-March short session was dead until the following December. Under the new system a bill which is blocked by reason of a filibuster continuing until noon January 3, at the end of a Congress can be taken up at once by the new Congress which begins at exactly the moment the old one dies—and which begins in actual session, not in nine months' recess.

The last lame duck Congress was a perfect illustration of all the evils of the old system. Because of the Democratic landslide last November its membership included an unusually large number of lame ducks. The session convened at a time when everyone agreed there was an emergency which called for prompt action. The nation had voted to give the Democrats a chance to carry out their campaign promises.

Speaker Garner and the other Democratic leaders proclaimed a four-point legislative program including repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, legalization of beer, enactment of a farm relief program and a balanced budget. On the merits of some of these proposals there may be legitimate difference of opinion, but all had been promised in the Democratic platform and the people had voted to give them a chance.

The opening day of the session saw the defeat of the repeal resolution: it failed by six votes to command the necessary two-thirds—and more than one hundred lame ducks, most of whom had been defeated by repealists, voted against it.

The House leaders cracked a few whips and did succeed in putting through a beer bill. It ran into a lame duck Senate from which, as this is written, it is not expected to emerge in recognizable form, and if it should do so it is exposed to the veto of a lame duck President. Almost identical with the story of the beer bill is the story of the domestic allotment farm relief bill.

Meanwhile a lame duck House discouraged by the legislative congestion in the Senate and torn by factional strife over the election of a new Speaker has thrown up its hands in surrender on the most important promise of all, the promise of a balanced federal budget. Such were some of the outstanding results of the last, and possibly the worst, of the lame duck sessions.

Peculiarly enough this hoary institution came into existence entirely by accident. The framers of the Constitution never intended that there should be lame duck Congresses or lame duck Presidents.

The Constitutional Convention contemplated that the infant federal government should begin to function in December, 1788. However, the new government could not operate until the Constitution had been ratified by the necessary nine states, so the Convention authorized the old Continental Congress to arrange the details of the actual transfer of power and the beginning of the new system. There were delays in the ratification process and it was not until September 13, 1788, that the Continental Congress was able to act. Then it specified that the new government should begin to function on the first Wednesday in March, 1789, which happened to be March 4. Meanwhile the elections were held.

Had the intent of the framers of the Constitution been followed, George Washington would have been inaugurated on the first Monday in December, 1788, the First Congress would have assembled on the same date and there would never have been any short sessions. However, once the date for the beginning of the terms of the President and members of Congress had been fixed, it could not be altered save by constitutional amendment, because all of the terms are for specified periods. Such a constitutional change, of course, necessitated a curtailment of the terms—and salaries—of members who happened to be sitting when the amendment became effective. Naturally the members, particularly in the House, had little enthusiasm for such proposals. Senators, with their six-year terms, could afford to be more broad-minded. For the past decade it has been almost an annual performance for the Senate to approve the anti-lame duck amendment, sponsored by Senator Norris of Nebrasks. For the same period, until the last session, the House promptly pigeon-holed the resolution or else emasculated it with amendments.

And thus it came about that nearly one hundred and fifty years, and Huey Long, were necessary to bring about the abolition of a constitutional accident.

Twilight

I was driving the cows and the frogs were soothsaying,
"Woe, land and water; All, all is lost!"
It was winter full grown and my bones were black in me,
The tussocks were brittling from dew into frost.

The earth looked at me, ears up in a stillness.
I was nine at the time and a coward by fate,
The willow-trees humped into cringing old swaggers,
And the cows lunged up unicorns, passing the gate.

A sudden wind clouted the nose of our chimney,
It rumbled and bellowsed its sparks in a spray,
I took to my heels in the terrible twilight,
For I thought that the sky was blowing away.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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JAPAN AND CHRISTIANITY

By J. AUFHAUSER

FRANCIS XAVIER, the first Occidental missionary, with two brothers of his order, and the first three Japanese whom he had converted and baptized, landed August 15, 1549, in Kagoshima on the southern Island of Kjushu of the Land of the Rising Sun. Even today the Japanese Catholics consider that day the most important holiday of the year. As a result of his zealous preaching and his many debates with the Buddhist bonzes, our saint was able to make from 1,500 to 2,000 converts in the southern part of Japan, in the course of his two and one-half years' stay. His successors enjoyed even greater success, due to the fact that Sumitada was the first Daimio to submit to Baptism. Up to the year 1640, which marks the dreadful end of this at first auspicious missionary period, it is estimated that 677,000 people, and according to other sources even as many as from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 Japanese, embraced Christianity. Historically reliable sources of information are not available for this period.

This first dawn of Christendom in the Land of the Rising Sun was soon followed by dark clouds and heavy thunderstorms. During the middle ages and the beginning of the modern missionary period, religious, spiritual, cultural endeavors were often closely allied with political domestic conquests of foreign countries by the Europeans. Hence missionary work had to share the mistrust of, yea even the hatred against, Western colonization and territorial aspirations in a very great measure. Japan, which even at that time was carefully guarding its cultural and political independence, recognized in Christianity a danger to its cultural and national life. In the Shinto cult, the native religion, as also in Buddhism, the foreign religion which had been introduced in Korea and China, the people and its political leaders saw the essence of Japanese civilization, and its strongest union with the divinely instituted line of emperors, the fountain of their peaceful art and nature-bound piety. The Shinto-kannushi, the religious servants of the "Road of the Gods," which is the name of Japan's national religion, as well as the Buddhist bonzes became alarmed at the success of the Christian missionaries with the people and some Daimios, and stirred up the mistrust of those Daimios and Shogunes who already hated foreigners. It was quite easy to convince the masses of the people of the imminent danger of subjugation by European rulers, which the inhabitants of the nearby Philippines, southeastern Asia and even India had already experienced, because one could go back to the alleged threat of the captain of the stranded Spanish ship, San Filipppe, that his king would revenge with a fleet any harm done the Spaniards. The converted countrymen were already looked upon with a suspicious eye, as not being quite trustworthy from the national point of view. The storm broke with the crucifixion of twenty-six Japanese martyrs, February 5, 1597. One wonders even today at the fervor and devotion with which Japanese from all walks of life, and at all ages, remained true to Christianity even unto death.

The production last year in Japan by Japanese non-Christian actors of a picture whose final filming of the crucifixion I attended, will I hope during the coming winter bear witness also in Europe and America, and in other non-Japanese countries, not only to Japanese customs and the beauty of Japanese landscapes, but above all to the splendid devotion of these Japanese martyrs.

Sad to say, the national and domestic jealousy and rivalry of the European sea powers of that time, their confessional differences, as well as the deceitful dissensions of the different missionary orders relative to their methods and tactics of procedure, contributed not a little to stifle the young seed of Christendom which had just sprung into existence.

Probably the most effective reason for the annihilation of Christianity was its sharp contrast to the already mentioned religious cults of Japan, as well as to their national-ethical-social fundamental ideas, the incompatibility of Christian monotheism with the gods Kami, the protectors of the land of the gods and of the Buddhas, as told by Jyeyasu in his edict of banishment of Christian missionaries in 1614. The heroic struggle of Christian converts ended in 1640. At that time the Land of the Rising Sun closed its doors entirely to all foreign immigration. Only a few Dutch business men were permitted to live on the small Island of Desima, which was then still separated from the mainland. But even they were forbidden to set foot on the mainland under penalty of death. Whoever desired to enter Japan had to perform the ceremony of the so-called Fumi-e, that is, stepping on a picture (of a cross or of the Blessed Virgin) as a sign of recanting, renouncing Christianity. In the archaeological museum of Ueno-Park, in Tokyo, such crosses are still to be seen. No Japanese was allowed to leave the country under penalty of the same severe punishment.

Nearly eighty years have passed since the reopening of the Land of the Rising Sun for European-American commerce and civilization in 1853. In 1859 the first Catholic missionaries were again permitted to enter the country. Soon Protestant and Russian Orthodox preachers of the faith followed. The laws against Christianity put into force at the

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beginning of the seventeenth century were repealed on February 19, 1873. The constitution of the year 1889 granted full liberty of religion and conscience. During these past sixty years the Christian missionaries have therefore been able to save Japanese souls without endangering their lives. And what have they accomplished? The population of Japan proper today is about 64,700,000. Of that number, according to the statistics of 1931, only 96,323 are Catholics. Of that number, 54,542 are in the diocese of Nagasaki, the heart of Japanese Christendom in the seventeenth century, for the most part descendants of the old Christianity. The yearly increase of Catholics was: 1929-1930, 2,368; 1930-1931, 2,724 souls. The World Missionary Atlas of 1925 gives the number of baptized Protestants in Japan proper as 154,971; those under Christian influence as 9,729. Of the approximately 21,000,000 inhabitants living in Korea, 104,236 are Catholics. According to the same source of information, the number of Protestants in 1925 was 182,289 baptized, and 88,088 under Christian influence. Formosa shows 6,400 Catholics out of 4,600,000 inhabitants; Protestants, according to the same source, are for 1925 about 18,260 baptized (today about 20,000) and 2,879 under Christian influence. The Russian-Orthodox Mission, which had been active in Japan since the year 1861, had as its founder, who later became Archbishop Nikolai Kassatkin, a clear-headed, far-sighted leader, who recognized the national sensitiveness of the country, and whose fame is even today attested to by Japan's most beautiful church, the Nikolai Cathedral of Tokyo. The number of Russian Orthodox Christians in all Japan may be about 40,000 at the present day. As the last group, we might mention the Old Catholics (Hanares), who number between 30,000 and 40,000 souls who have remained independent. Hence out of a total of about 91,000,000 people, we find about 200,000 Catholics, 360,000 Protestants, 40,000 Russian Orthodox, and 40,000 Old Catholics, altogether about 650,000 Christians. So for every 140 people in Japan, there is one Christian.

Even these few figures point to the fact that Japan belongs to the most difficult mission fields of the world. Besides that, it occupies first place among the nations of our planet in regard to increase of birth rate. It can register about 1,000,000 births per year. What are then the real reasons why Japan has up to date refused Christianity? The Land of the Rising Sun since the reign of its illustrious Emperor Meiji (1850-1912), who is responsible for Japan's postion amongst the major powers, has become the strongest political power in the Far East, by virtue of its successful wars against China, 1894-1895, and Russia in 1904, as well as through its participation in the World War, and also due to the part it played in the League of Nations. For her economic leadership she has won outlets for her exports in lands as distant as India and the South Sea islands, and recently in Manchuria. This unprecedented politico-economical rise in the course of a few decades fostered still more the Japanese philosophy of life, his desire for imperialism and capitalism, for earthly possessions and gratification. The appreciation of the metaphysical, transcendental or the supernatural is not great with the Japanese. Enjoying the beauty of his country, happiness of his family, love of sports and, above all, a high sense of national feeling, which finds the guarantee of its own happiness in the supremacy of its country, seem to completely satisfy the cravings of the Japanese. Since the Japanese naturally is unable to solve the problems and tragedies of life and the devious ways of destiny, he chooses only too often, due to his peculiar sentimentality, to commit suicide.

Being more inclined toward the practical, real, pedagogic, the Japanese mind is less interested than we might suppose in the metaphysical, philosophical, speculative fundamentals of Christian teaching. The Japanese converts, especially those under Evangelical influence have a very strong desire to see their ideal of an independent Japanese Church entirely under their own control come true. The power of attraction of Christianity suffers very much also due to its many-sidedness. The many differences of the various Protestant denominations of the Western countries, as recorded in history, do not arouse the interest and love of the Japanese. With the fundamental idea of Christianity and of Christian ethics, they love to merge Japanese-Asiatic reasoning and custom, especially the elements of their ancient ancestor worship.

A leading newspaper, the *Japan Times* of Tokyo, reported last August 3 in large letters, while I happened to be in Japan, the result of a canvass among the working women and girls of the capital ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-five years, relative to their position as to the belief in God. Nearly one-half of those questioned (49 percent) admitted being atheists, the rest believing mostly in Buddhism and Shintoism, only a few being Christians. Traveling in the country, one finds the piety of the Japanese people demonstrated by their many pilgrimages to Fuji-No-Yama and the other holy mountains, and reflected by the large Buddhist Feasts of the Temple with their colorful processions. The intellectual circles of Japan on the contrary are quite opposed to a thorough study of anything religious including Christianity. The Japanese, with his unusual eagerness for learning, interests himself very much in the history of European nations and the history of the Christian religion. Their dark pages make it only too easy for him to gain the impression that Christianity does not rate any higher than other religions of the world. Being unusually proud of his own civilization and morals, the Japanese believes that he finds in his own religions, as well as in his inherited ancestor worship, a better foundation for the child's love of

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its parents, for loyalty to the emperor and for the greatness of Japan than Christendom could offer.

A sharp contrast exists between the Christian conception, that the nature of man tends only too easily toward evil and is spoiled from youth on, and the Japanese moral consciousness, that the Japanese soul is fundamentally good and does not need morals as such. The spirit of sacrifice, of the virtue of purity, which Christianity demands for the moral relations between both sexes, does not appeal to the Japanese nature and his free enjoyment of life in harmony with the beauties of nature. The law of chivalry of Bushido, the Japanese code of honor, is unable in various antiquated and jealously guarded regulations to harmonize with Christian morals and ideas.

In weighing his own against the Christian religion, the materially minded Japanese is only too easily guided by the question, which for us is hard to understand, what can I gain by changing my religion?

The nationalist, imperialistically minded Japanese fears again today the invasion through Christianity of a too powerful foreign influence and of foreign, even if only spiritual, forces, and thereby an impairment of his national self-consciousness, of his control in the Far East. The idealistically inclined Japanese might decide in favor of Christianity if he could discover in its practical application by the Western nations the treasure of a true social adjustment, of a real pacification and reconciliation of nations, as well as of a religion of true energetic love.

Japan never forgot the words of recognition and admiration which its first Christian missionary expressed for the natural virtues and splendid characteristics of the Japanese people. Unfortunately, however, this nation—and this is my sincerest conviction, based on my two trips for study purposes into the Land of the Rising Sun, and on my literary studies as well as my frank discussion with Japanese students—has to this day not decided for the reception of Christianity, because the white races and Europe and America, the so-called Christian nations of the Occident, have realized the true spirit of Christianity only too little. Or else it is the very vigor and well-directed organization and energy of Christianity which does not appeal to the Japanese soul, which loves to enjoy things religious in the peaceful, scenically often wonderful remoteness of its Buddhist or Shinto shrines. A certain atmosphere, similar in general to the Christian spirit, does prevail in Japan. But we cannot designate it as genuinely Christian. To prove the supreme truth of Christianity to the syncretistically minded, educated Japanese is unusually hard in a country whose religions, from the still secretly practised phallus worship to monotheism, pantheism or monism, shows as many contradictions as can be found in the cultural sphere and in the attitude toward life in the land of democracy in the shade of its contradictory morals.

Even though the government today makes various friendly gestures toward Christianity, even though it shows a better understanding for the educational value of the Christian religion, still fundamentally it clings even today to its decree of August 3, 1899, No. 12, which rejects any religious influence. Thereby the Christian mission is naturally denied the most important and most successful task, to seize the easily influenced soul of the child. To convert the adults remains, according to experience, always a very difficult problem. In Japan, the Christian mission is confronted with the hard task of a struggle from soul to soul. A movement of the masses, as in some parts of India proper and Central Africa, as well as in the South Sea with numerically great success, could not be achieved in Japan up to date. In the open country, where the individual person true to the old Japanese spirit lives in strong dependence upon his family and his community, the Christian mission has found only very few points of support. It is almost entirely a mission confined to the cities. Here in the free atmosphere of the metropolis and centers of industry, with its many emancipated beings, it is easier for the individual, free from family ties, of relatives, domestic considerations and obligations, to decide for himself. Here the important questions regarding the meaning of life very often force one to take a definite personal stand, which the Shinto cult and Buddhism can hardly offer.

I was able to convince myself in a little less than one year during my various trips in Japan, as far up as Asahigawa, of the vital energy with which even today both high-culture religions, Shinto and Buddhism, are imbued, of the deep influence upon the masses of the people, and its nationally cultural self-will, which these two religious structures exercise through their colorful happy Feasts of the Temple, as, for instance, Bon Matsuri, which is celebrated in the middle of August, a sort of Feast of All Souls, through their possessions, pilgrimages and especially through the wonderful art of their shrines and temples in most cases located in magnificent landscapes. It seems to me that here in the Land of the Rising Sun Christianity will be able to gain adherents not so much through the logical value of its ideas and its intellectual wealth, as rather through its intuitive, meditative, one might say mystical characteristics.

To be sure, I am convinced that Japan can be won over to Christianity only by native sons. They alone will know how to gradually transform the character of the foreign religion, which Christianity there still has in the eyes of ever so many millions, into Japanese spirituality, through wise adaptation and understanding, and to gradually allow Christianity to become the national religion. Just when Japan will become even a Christian diaspora country, much less a totally Christian country, and the rising sun will flood a Christian cross on Fuji-Yama's heights with its splendor and morning glow, remains hidden in the unfathomable depths of Divine Providence.

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THE PADRES OF THE TORCH

By E. FRANCIS McDEVITT

A SHORT time ago an anti-religious regulation of a school principal in the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico, imposed upon the students in sympathy with the fanatical anti-Catholic proscriptions of Governor Adalberto Tejeda, acted as a boomerang for said headmaster. For, instead of submitting to him essays echoing, as required, the bitter anti-clerical sentiments which the principal had expressed in the course of a lecture before his scholars, a great majority of the youths wrote compositions breathing in exalted terms their admiration for the great accomplishments of patriotic Mexican priests, their rôles in the early struggles for independence, and their effective coöperation in the cause of national unity and peace.

A boomerang, indeed, those juvenile chronicles of priestly fealty to their native land, a defiance in the face of a tyranny capable of any extreme reprisal.

Here am I, a North American, a mere gringo, leagues away from the theatre of the dramas that are daily being enacted from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego; but I wish to add my small voice to the chorus of praise sung by that body of young, courageous scholars in Vera Cruz, who placed justice and truth before their fear of discipline and punishment. Those students might have expanded, almost *ad infinitum,* their enumeration of Mexican priest-heroes and patriots; and they might have reached to the South American nations and plucked out of their history the names of many priests to whom those nations owe a considerable portion of their blessed liberty and autonomy.

I want to slip down to Argentina, slip back to the era of colonization, an era of viceroys, and of a growing restlessness under the yoke of the mother country—back to a day when the souls of the La Plata colonists were vibrating with the stirring spirit of independence, with the quickening of their instincts for self-development. There do I find two names—great names overshadowed by those of the Liberator and San Martin and Sucre, who were men of arms and not of words—the names of two priests who struggled for the common end of their countrymen with all the passion of patriots, and all the vigor of soldiers. But they were neither soldiers, nor missionaries, nor statesmen. They were poets, Muses, whose strains fired the hearts of their compatriots with the necessary sparks of independence and ambition.

The rôles played in the "movement of May" by Fray Cayetano Rodriquez and Dr. Juan Balthasar Maziel are, in the light of modern standards of value, apparently humble ones; for the modern North American mind finds it difficult to conceive of military victories being aided and facilitated by the rhythmic word. But the rhythmic words of Padres Cayetano and Maziel, winged and challenging, served to stir the hearts of a people whose minds had already grasped and assimilated the then radical philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau and the French dissidents. The sword was potent and devastating only after the spirit lent verve, courage, determination to the hands that wielded it.

The chaotic darkness of those days was appalling and the uncertainty terrifying, but through that darkness penetrated the beams flung out from the torches borne by the bards, the elevated spirits, whose clear, courageous ideals split the blanket of fear and led the way to the victories that ultimately gave infant nations to the New World.

The poetry of Fathers Cayetano and Maziel, and that of many of those who surrounded them, was an essential element in the strong nationalistic wave that was surging down upon Spain's preëminence in her colonies, and in the panegyrical, vaulting strains of these two priests was the stuff of a strong consciousness of individuality then so sorely needed by the peoples of all South America.

Argentine literature, and notably its poetry, "transformed and converted into a Homeric champion," in the words of Emilio Alonso Criado," invaded the political and social world with a vigorous inspiration and became the powerful voice of a happy interpreter of popular feeling." And marching prominently in the ranks of those who enkindled in colonial breasts a fire that leaped irresistibly from Suipacha to Ayacucho, were these two great priest-poets. Although the work of Fray Cayetano was classical, almost to a fault, pedantic in its slavish adherence to traditional modes, and that of Father Maziel gauche and naive in its hero-worship, nevertheless both strummed out an eloquence that generated a Parnassian fire and not only embellished the triumphs of patriots and soldiers, but stimulated the warriors to accomplish their glorious deeds in the field.

Of the two, Fray Cayetano was the more prolific, the more actively patriotic, the more brilliant herald of a nation's approaching birth. His was the greater elevation of spirit, the more sweeping poetry of nationalism. But Dr. Maziel, in his eulogies to the Viceroy Don Pedro de Cevallos, and in his part in the founding of gaucho poetry, Argentina's only purely indigenous verse to the present day, executed his gargoyle in the structure of a new nation and a new culture. Although his participation in the drama of the La Plata was less scintillating than that of Fray Cayetano, Father Maziel helped to define for

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his people a literature, molded his verse from the very soil of the Pampas, gave his countrymen a literary individuality that persists today despite the metamorphoses, induced by the swirl of events, through which Argentina has been passing in recent years. And for this he could rightly claim a place beside the apostles of nationalism.

The poetry of Fray Cayetano reflects the character of his great Franciscan soul, its pure ideals of spirituality, its robust intellect, its personal humility and austerity, its kindliness, this last quality venting itself so unrestrainedly in his joy over the freedom of the slaves by the Cabildo. Always priest and patriot, he contributed to the life-stream of his time a current that oriented the "movement of May" toward its ultimate participation in the great sea of democratic thought and spirit that was spreading throughout the New World.

Fray Cayetano, who was born in the village of San Pedro in the province of Buenos Aires, in 1761, was not a poet given to impetuous outbursts of passion, like Lafinur; nor did his art range with the classic sweep of Varela; nor did it, despite its bold strokes and fiery importunities, shout out martially and militantly like that of Rojas. Essentially it was kind, with the deep sentimentality of his character as a Franciscan priest.

His poetry found its principal source of inspiration in the historical events that followed the emancipation movement, although, for harmony and a facile flowing style, "Oda," or "Poema," written in exaltation of the Cabildo's action in freeing the slaves, is regarded by many critics as his greatest work. His joy over this beneficent liberation of a people in bondage is ecstatically priestly, similar, I have always thought, to the joy of the angels over the salvation of the lone sinner, or the exultation of the father over the return of the prodigal.

> The happy day has come,
> Oh, my people, for the fortunate ones,
> A day in which my Muse
> (Giving up its fears to joy)
> Can sing your triumphs, victories,
> Your noble act, your splendid glory.

Ernesto Mario Barreda, the noted critic, writing of Fray Cayetano, declares: "The life of this Franciscan, celebrated in the annals of independence, is a constant example of virtue, of a pure, self-abnegating heart, and a robust intellect." Child of the country, born on a small isolated Pampa farm, his affection for his native land is reflected in his patriotic verse. Student and monk, delegate to numerous assemblies, representative of his province in the 1816 Congress of Tucuman which declared the independence of the La Plata peoples, no task was too great for him to face, no field too large for him to enter in his all-consuming desire to advance the cause of freedom among his countrymen.

In "Doña Maria de Ojeda," his first poem written in 1790, in "El Sueno de Endalia Contado," an ingenious criticism of those who opposed the emancipation movement, in his collection of ten sonnets, mainly satirical, and in his ode, "Al Paso de Los Andes y Victoria de Chacabucho," we find a gentle passion, serenity and harmonious smoothness that more than compensate for the classical penchant of his time for the earlier Greek and Latin bards, which determines the posture of much of his work. And woven through the network of his poetic design is that ever recurring theme:

> Hail, sweet country, Hail!
> In eternal centuries
> Count your ages!

Juan Balthasar Maziel was a distinguished churchman of his day, but died as a patriotic exile in the city of Montevideo, across the Silver River from his beloved Buenos Aires. He was exiled from the land to whom he gave all of his human affection, a land to which he gave a certain articulation in the rude but expressive medium of the gaucho patois. His ill-starred career is acrid with that same brand of irony that runs through the lives of so many patriots, not excluding that of the great Bolivar himself.

Eulogist of the Viceroy Cevallos, whose military prowess stemmed the Portuguese advance from the north into the La Plata regions, Don Maziel turned to sing also the praises of the Viceroy Loreto. But enemies, jealous of his high repute, turned his panegyric into a surreptitious attack upon the Viceroy, and the priest who had been canon prebendery of the cathedral chapter, Vicar General and Administrator of the Bishopric of Rio de la Plata, was expatriated, never to see again the land of his birth.

Is it not strange that this priest, who has since been called "one of the most cultivated spirits of his time," should have done so much to mold into a definite form the rustic, unpretentious but stout poetry of the Pampas. In his coöperation in the establishment of the *gauchesca* verse, Father Maziel let loose the floodgates of a poetry that swelled and swelled as, one by one, Hidalgo, Godoy, Ascasubi and Hernandez, deflected the streams of their genius into the mother river that had been tapped at its source by Father Maziel. Father Maziel frequently utilized his gaucho verse to sing the glories of Cevallos:

> Forgive me, O Señor Cevallos,
> My wild and gaucho strain.

The irony of Father Maziel's life was persistent. Little did he realize that his name would be eternally associated with the birth of Argentina's native poetry rather than with the oratory and prose to which he devoted himself with a talent and energy that early gained for him a wide reputation. "I am no poet," he himself once said. "I have not the intelligence to follow such a profession."

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It is difficult to classify Fray Cayetano and Dr. Maziel in different categories, despite the many discrepancies that tend to contrast, rather than to couple, these two great spirits of Argentina's emancipation era. Although Fray Cayetano's verse was delicately poised and Dr. Maziel's rude and angled by comparison; although Fray Cayetano sang of the glories of a movement and Don Maziel extolled the merits of a man, who happened to be Spain's representative in the New World; although the "poet of May" became the idol of the people on the La Plata and died within the confines of his native heath, while Father Maziel passed his last days, sadly and obscurely, in a Uruguay prison—despite all this, their figures stand side by side in those parlous times as patriots no less fired with the ideals of eternal liberty than Washington and Bolivar; stand as spirits that, by their undying inspiration, made possible the formation of new republics now taking their places in the gallery of the world's great nations. They stand side by side as torch-bearers in the struggle of a Christian people for a freedom that was theirs by every right of justice, human and divine. The torch, held high when to dip it meant defeat, was snatched from their fingers, weakened by approaching death and the rigors of exile, by those great spirits who followed them inoculated with their lofty ideals.

When the contrary wife of Lot turned her head toward the cities fired by Jehovah, she was transformed into a pillar of salt; and for us to turn our minds back upon the deeds of some of those who have gone before, would transform our hearts into stone, were it not for the sterling vision of figures like Fathers Cayetano and Maziel, whose torch-beams, streaming down the years, touched off the brilliance of the later liberators.

Thus the deeds of those, who in their Mexican, priestly hearts, sang, like the "Padres of the Torch,"

> Hail, sweet country, Hail!
> In eternal centuries
> Count your ages!

were fittingly extolled by the brave young Mexican students.

God of the Forest

One day, on the banks of the upper Wisconsin,
I met with a man, and his eyes were the grey
Of the mist that I see in the forest in autumn
Or over a lake at the birth of a day.

And gold was his hair as the maples in sunlight;
And strong was his mouth as a father's is strong;
His face had the kindness of trees to a sparrow;
Treelike he stood where the tall trees belong.

That day, on the banks of that slim northern river,
While sunlight fell down, soft and warm on my face,
And nature was kind as a tree to a sparrow,
I lost my poor heart to the god of that place.

KATHERYN ULLMAN.

REMAKING NEW YORK

BY DON C. SEITZ

THE PROPOSITION of former Governor Alfred E. Smith to set up what would practically amount to an independent government in New York City as a remedy for its troubles, recalls the stir made on January 7, 1861, by Mayor Fernando Wood, then serving his third term in the office, and the only man so to do, when he proposed, in view of the apparent breaking up of the national union then under way, that New York, with the consent of the Legislature and on an appeal to "the magnanimity of the whole state," be rechartered as a free city under the systems governing Hamburg and Bremen in Germany.

"When disunion has become a fixed and certain fact," the Mayor said, "why may not New York disrupt the bonds which hold her to a venal and corrupt master—to a people and a party that have plundered her revenues, attempted to ruin her commerce, taken away the power of self-government and destroyed the confederacy of which she was the empire city? Amid the gloom which the present and prospective condition of things must cast over the country, New York as a free city may shed the only light and hope for a future reconstruction of our once blessed confederacy."

Mr. Wood was aiming in particular at the Republican party in the state engineered by William H. Seward and that practical politician and seller of law, Thurlow Weed. "The present lax system of municipal control," he observed, "all traceable to the action of the Legislature, is too well known to require any elucidation. It is a living, notorious, pregnant fact." He proceeded to give details:

"The first aggressive action of the state upon the municipal rights of the corporation was the seizing of the auction duties, which were formerly voted to the support of the city poor, by which the state has taken from us the sum of $4,848,025, up to January 1, 1860.

"The next step in the same direction, was in taking from the corporation the control of the Alms House Department, and giving it to a Board of Ten Governors, who were first appointed by the Legislature for a term of years, and so arranged that neither the people nor the corporation have any jurisdiction over the proceedings or expenditures. This body, now called by another name, but possessing all the odious features of the Ten Governors, expends nearly $1,000,000 annually without accountability.

"Another aggressive measure was the seizure of the Police Department, divesting the city of any control of this important branch of government. The only connection the corporation has with the matter is the one accorded by the highwayman to his victim: to 'stand and deliver'—that is, to pay over such sums as an irresponsible commission may demand. The expenses of this department were last year over $1,300,000, as against $800,000 when the police were under the mayor and municipal control. The current year it will be over $1,500,000, and if the additional 400 men demanded by the commissioners shall be allowed, the enormous sum of $2,000,000 will be required on this account alone, making $1,200,000 increase since the state has taken the police under its charge.

"Another, and one that touches the most sacred records of our city, is the appointment by the state of a commission, equally irresponsible to the people of the corporation. They are known as the Commissioners of Records, and have power to make contracts that bind the city without the consent of the corporation, or any other city authorities. They

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have already used this power to the extent of about $600,000.

"The Board of Commissioners of Central Park is another body appointed by the state. They are also entirely beyond the control of the corporation, and with them the city government has no other communication than to raise the amount required to defray the bill of expenses.

"The Harbor Commissioners was another body of independent men, which the state sent from remote parts to prescribe the limits of our wharves, and how far the corporation should be allowed to extend them.

"The Pilot Commissioners, also created by the Legislature, have powers so ample, that if ever exercised, it would deprive the corporation of all jurisdiction over piers and wharves. By their action the city of New York, in its corporate capacity, could be entirely cut off from the harbor. The commissioners have the power to condemn any system of wharfage we might adopt, and thus compel a reconstruction of all piers, and in such a mode as they should prescribe.

"The taxes required by the state are very unfairly apportioned upon the city, through the agency of a commission, who assess the other counties of the state at a very low amount, and put a very high valuation here. The contributions of this city to the state on this account have been as follows: 1855, $471,612; 1856, $751,843; 1857, $895,845; 1858, $1,410,708; 1859, $1,328,007; 1860, $2,108,625."

Besides this the city had to contribute to the support of up-state schools as well as its own, the estimated amount for 1860 being $1,792,697. The city schools were also under an independent board and spent $1,278,781 in 1860. The county, then as now, had an independent government, with a Board of Supervisors, which constituted a rival to the Common Council.

"Either one of these rival sets of magistrates should be abolished," he argued, adding: "The burden of this double government, the jealousy and contests thus engendered, are sufficient reasons to seek deliverance from so absurd a system. All the functions required of a body to perform the duties imposed upon a county legislature, might be discharged as previously, by one of the Board of the Common Council. The motive for creating this county corporation was no doubt political, so that the minority of the electors could be represented to the same extent as the majority, thus subverting the sound republican maxim that the majority should govern.

"Even the erection of a new City Hall could not be performed without the intervention of a Board of Commissioners. Two acts for this purpose have been passed, the former so utterly irreconcilable with the State Constitution that it had to be given up, and the latter so inefficacious that a necessity imperatively called for by the wants of the people, and for the lack of which the administration of justice cannot be decently carried out, appears to be unattainable." It became "unattainable" with Tweed's County Court House and its vast peculations as the result!

Mr. Wood was able to extend this list of legislative oppressions to an appalling degree, culminating his compilation with this thought: "The authority of the Legislature has been invoked to secure power, not reform, and special acts are covertly introduced at every session, legalizing corrupt violations of the most wholesome provisions of the Charter, and enforcing contracts and obligations that the judicial tribunals have investigated and repudiated."

All of which was true and has persisted ever since with occasional modifications.

Street railway grants and public franchises were dealt in at Albany in a manner that added to the aggravations recited by the Mayor.

"Thus it will be seen," he proceeded, "that the political connection between the people of the city and the state, has been used to our injury. The Legislature in which the present partizan majority has the power, has become the instrument by which we are plundered to enrich their speculators, lobby-agents, and abolition politicians. Laws are passed through their influence, by which under the forms of local enactments our burdens have been increased, our substance cut, and our municipal liberties destroyed. Self-government, though guaranteed by the State Constitution, and left to every other county and city, has been taken away from us by this foreign power, whose dependents have been sent among us to destroy our liberties by subverting our political system."

He set forth the advantages the city expected to enjoy when New Amsterdam was founded on the lines of Old Amsterdam in Holland, "which, if anything, were amplified and improved when the British took over the control of the colony. The charter granted by Governor Thomas Dongan conferred distinctive rights as well as confirming those provided by the Dutch. The tenor of this famous instrument, the Magna Charta of the municipal rights of New York, shows clearly that it was the intention of the then sovereign to confer on 'this ancient city,' the largest civic immunities, and to raise it to the highest rank, while confirming all that it had enjoyed by prescription or previous commissions since its foundation."

Governor Montgomerie, in 1730, he pointed out, further provided powers in great detail, and in the first article ordained that "the city of New York be, and from henceforth forever hereafter shall be and remain, a free city of itself."

Upon this Mayor Wood rested his case, to be greeted by Seward, Weed and their followers as a traitor to the state and nation. The decree he urged "is binding in equity and good faith, on whatever government has succeeded to the sovereign power of the English throne, or shall be to the latest period." The Legislature of 1782 ratified Montgomerie's stipulations, while the Constitutions of 1772, 1822 and 1846 held them inviolate. It was left for Seward, Weed and their Republican successors, who have ruled the greater part of the time since, to make the city government the hodge-podge it has become.

Sanctity and Song

A falcon had for friend a linnet small
That in a hedgerow shook its wings and fluttered:
To climb the sky it ventured not at all,
But from a twig its little song it uttered.

Above, in the wide air, the falcon swung
Surveying all that moved upon the ground
And, voyaging the clouds of heaven among,
Knew the world's amplitude, yet made no sound.

Aslant and falling sweetly, the swift hawk
Slid past the linnet that with urgent beat
Increased its singing whilst upon a stalk
It clung with wings adroop and trembling feet—

And falcon solace found in what it heard
While linnet boasted, "I too am a bird."

PHILIP HAGREEN.

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FACSIMILES FOR EVERYBODY

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

INTEREST in first editions and rare books is, as may have been surmised, not based entirely on the acquisitive instinct. Scholarship depends to a very considerable extent upon them, and for two reasons. First, much writing with no popular appeal is never reprinted, so that the historian must search carefully for an extant copy. It is the business of great libraries to possess such books, but even the richest cannot acquire everything. Nor can the student always afford a long journey and a sojourn in strange parts. Second, much is to be gained from contact with books in their original form. Naturally a man can possess a very good notion of what Shakespeare tried to say without even so much as a look at a First Folio. But an accurate knowledge of the literature and thought of a period can hardly be secured without at least some awareness of the typography current in that period.

For these and other reasons, the Facsimile Text Society was called into being some years ago. It had soon earned many a salvo of applause, and earned its right to be associated with the Columbia University Press as a permanent venture in the art of making books. The practical details were many. Under the leadership of a general Executive Committee (the present chief officer of which is Dr. Frank A. Patterson, well-known for his achievement as a Milton editor), a number of Program Committees were organized to select for publication suitable books in various fields. Financial support has been secured principally from membership dues of $5.00 a year, and from the sale of books to the general public. From the point of view of bookmaking, care has been taken to combine the good results of the offset-process with a fitting quality of paper and stout bindings. The several volumes are, therefore, as permanent as one could well desire.

The existing catalogue of the Society lists many an item calculated to make a bibliophilic mouth water. To be sure, this is eminently a "scholar's library," so that a few titles cannot be recommended without further ado to young ladies accustomed to chaperons. Yet even they, if they were so minded, could find suitable works. As for the burrower, no literary sod could be more to his taste.

For present purposes, we shall content ourselves with examining just a few of the recent offerings of the Society. There is, for example, "Al Aaraaf," by Edgar Allan Poe, an exceptionally rare little book which appeared in 1829, was virtually lost sight of, but has ever since continued to fascinate lovers of Poe. The pearl is, in my humble opinion, the "Tamerlane" in which the first obscure staves of the music that would later become "The Raven" are plainly discernible. But it is the title-poem itself which most interests those more scholarly than myself, because of the opportunity it affords to estimate Poe's early reading and tendencies. The present excellent reprint is accompanied by a bibliographical note written succinctly by Thomas Olive Mabbott. It may be added that the Society's publications are free of notes and animadversions.

Poe had his difficulties with New England. So also had Edward Ward, if one may judge from the "Five Travel Scripts" commonly attributed to him. The author's reflections on life in the vicinity of Boston were apparently published in 1699; and it may be remarked that from the dictional point of view Smollet, Fielding and H. L. Mencken have nothing "on him." This is a right round, unlacquered travelogue, but an amusing and informing one nevertheless. Ward—if Ward he was—dealt with the deacons of Beacon Hill as did Ben Jonson in his more vigorous plays. Previously our author had visited Jamaica, which island seemed to him a random fragment of the Inferno. Later on he appears to have visited Ireland and Holland. But though his remarks on both possess genuine historical interest, the literary tartness of the earlier "Scripts" has to a great extent evaporated. The bibliographical note is supplied in this instance by Howard William Troyer.

When Byron was eighteen, he published privately a volume of verse entitled "Fugitive Pieces." Only a few copies were printed, however, because the poet suddenly changed his mind and decided to give the book an "entire new form." Apparently the chief reason for this decision was the verdict of a clerical friend that one of the lyrics offended against modesty. If this story is true—and apparently there can be little doubt concerning its veracity—the youthful Byron appears in a light rather decidedly different from that in which we are accustomed to see him. But the little book, reprinted here from one of the few extant copies, is interesting for many reasons. It reveals Byron's native gift for satirical writing, and illustrates many of his early literary borrowings. Marcel Kessel has written the bibliographical note.

We enter the domain of philosophy and speculation with George Rust's "A Letter of Resolution concerning Origen and His Opinions," a minor tract in the mood of Cambridge Platonism but an informing one nevertheless. The book, which appeared anonymously in 1661, is a spirited defense of the orthodoxy of Origen. But to us it is likely to be first of all beautiful imaginative prose, and to charm particularly by reason of the description of the "new earth" which the author fancies will replace this one after the fires of Doomsday. Once again one sees how deeply, uniformly poetic the seventeenth century remained. The bibliographical note is by Marjorie Hope Nicholson.

It is to be hoped that Catholic college libraries, especially those which serve graduate students, will become members of the Facsimile Text Society and take advantage of the unusual assistance it is in a position to render. Nothing else being done in America is of greater importance from a bibliographical point of view. Meanwhile the casual reader, the lover of books, might also do worse than note the name and address. The Facsimile Text Society makes its home at Columbia University, New York.

The prospectus of the Society is, one may add, a source of temptation to anyone afflicted with even one bacillus of the *libido sciendi*. Apart from Elizabethan drama, which the Malone Society is issuing, the whole range of English and American letters awaits the grazer. Current plans call for the publication of virtually all of Chapman, the prose works of Donne, the treatises of the Cambridge Platonists, hitherto practically unavailable Americana and minor poets galore. It is eminently natural that the seventeenth century in particular should be favored, since the indifference of the eighteenth caused many worthy authors to sink into undeserved oblivion. History, philosophy, divinity, science and economics afford similar possibilities. The mere likelihood that the Society may eventually provide low-priced editions of such authors as Nicholas of Cusa and Vincent of Beauvais justifies the hope that it may grow prosperous and venturesome. One can only conclude that the effort here represented may lead to beneficial results not envisaged even by the editors. Literary influence upon young men brought under the spell of the out-of-the-way past may, as was once the case with Robert Browning, lead to the enrichment of our letters. Heaven knows these can stand it!

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COMMUNICATIONS

THESES AND TEACHERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Father Donnelly's "Theses and Teachers" in your February 1 issue echoes the refrain of certain portions of his "Art Principles in Literature," a book that I read and enjoyed keenly. I feel that, all in all, Father Donnelly's attitude toward the recognition given thesis work in modern American universities is too severe. I appreciate his yearning for more creative work in the field of English, and I believe him eminently qualified to speak on the topic of creative composition. Nevertheless I feel that much can be written in defense of the modern thesis upon which the Reverend Father frowns.

The graduate student whose thesis is the result of his own thorough research into a definite field in a particular subject, whose delvings have given him contact with about all the important things—regardless of tongue—that have ever been written on that subject, and whose patient, methodical industry, under the careful supervision of competent professors, has enabled him to weigh and compare his findings with the findings of other scholars in that field—such a student, having successfully presented his thesis and passed his examinations, is unquestionably entitled to a degree. Oh, I know the objection; I have firm friends who think quite like Father Donnelly upon the subject. I know one man who refused to take up graduate work in English merely because he thought the average doctorate thesis looks more like a police report or a telephone directory than a work connected with English literature. I have friends who complain that the aesthetic side of English is crumbling before the scientific side. Such attitudes, I think, are distorted. What if university scholars do make a scientific approach toward the study of English? What if the thesis, in consequence, really does appear like a compendium of cold facts? Is not all this a genuine contribution to the advancement of our literature? Is not this thesis the unearthing of something heretofore unpublished in the history of our literature?

But here Father Donnelly's objection comes up: "Literature," he says, "is handled as history; its sources are traced, and its evolution and criticism discussed. Everything about it is insisted upon except its creation and its art. Let the master of arts be the master of at least one art, the art of composition, and let him be recognized and honored by giving him his letter for distinction in his art." Now, as far as I can see, literature simply must be handled as history if we expect to learn all the facts available about literature. Surely if we want to enhance the skill of someone in a particular subject, one very excellent means is to increase his knowledge of the background of that subject. But let it not be thought for a moment that the sole purpose of specialization in university work is to unearth the history of subjects. The long process of research work in any university has a twofold purpose. It aims to train the mind of the student in patient, accurate, methodical work, and to equip that student with a keen and intelligent observation; secondly, and just as purposefully, it seeks, by publication, to foster a popular and stimulating knowledge of that subject among people capable of enjoying it, digesting it and putting it to use.

In other words, taking English as a typical department, the theses of research students are partially intended to supply a larger and more accurate background to the historical part of literature. Such contribution is far from fruitless. It weaves a greater dignity about our language. It prepares our scholars to go out and take their place among the makers of literature, or else equips them to sponsor and direct its creation in others.

It seems to me that we could well wish for and relish an improvement in the very large amount of creative composition that floods the market today. Style and language are for the most part sacrificed to sensationalism. I am sure that were more popular consideration given to the history of our literature, to its development and to its landmarks of excellence, there would result a deeper and more positive reaction against these modern travesties. We need more men like Stanley James, who recently in your columns interpreted for us that ancient English poem, "The Vision of Piers Plowman"; or like Theodore Maynard, whose brilliant literary acumen was partially demonstrated in THE COMMONWEAL a short while ago when he discussed for us the question of atmosphere in poetry. I'm sure there would be a leap in the quality of modern creative composition were men like these given the opportunity to popularize the historical side of English literature, and thus to allow the creative public to share what seems to be the delight of scholars only.

Regarding the style of the modern thesis, we must admit that it is rather direct and matter-of-fact. Evidence, inference, cause and effect constitute the mechanism of the modern thesis. The student adheres to these in order to produce and prove his theme. Clarity, precision and accuracy are the only stylistic qualities the ordinary student seeks to inject into the writing. His work is going to be consulted in the interests of truth, and only upon that ground will it be criticized and challenged. Therefore, clarity, precision and accuracy should constitute the style of every thesis, and further demands are unnecessary and misplaced.

Father Donnelly hints at a wish that all theses be defended publicly. This, we all agree, would be educationally ideal. Still, I think the defense-work, if I may call it such, is sufficiently taken care of when the trembling student's labors of a precious year or more, his carefully sought data, his wilderness of foot-notes, are cruelly dissected and scrutinized by a body of black-spectacled deans and other such experts. Truly this is a crisis; and, I assure you, the successful student feels no less glorious than ye master of arts who of yore stepped triumphant from the rostrum.

More and better thesis work in the department of English, is my cry. And more popular knowledge of the background of our literature. Let the world of aspiring writers in on the knowledge that is hoarded in university libraries. There lie the printed sparks that ought surely to ignite the writing world into a steady flare of refined and progressive creative English. Above all, let the teacher of English avail himself of this knowledge, let him panoply himself with a substantial furnishing of facts found at the source-springs of our literature. Let him walk in the shadow of his subject.

JOHN FLYNN.

THE BABY RACKET

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: The article "The Baby Racket" was well answered in a preceding issue, but the issue of February 8 seems full of supporters of Mrs. Darst. I feel that a medical editor might well have answered her letter, without publishing same until her answers were received, along these lines. In-

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asmuch as she paid $12.00 to $15.00 per day for twenty-one days, her hospital bill would be $267 to $330 for room service alone. The obstetrician, basing his fee on her luxurious service, would charge $250 to $350. She might have had a room in any of the leading hospitals for $7.00 per day, so that her fee would be then about $150. When a patient surrounds herself with luxury, she is entitled to a corresponding fee. If she had gone in a semi-private room, her fee would be still less.

If one reads of the 1850's, then the competent doctor did not do obstetrics and the prominence of the surgeon came with the advent of asepsis. Then, the same degree of surgical training and care being needed for obstetrics as surgery, the surgical obstetrician with difficulty gained recognition of the fact that the care of a maternity case was at least as much as that of the removal of an appendix.

When we build hospitals as we do our courthouses—the latter affording a place for the legal profession, to pay taxes, pay licenses, and record deeds, have law suits and foreclosures—then the obstetrician and medical profession will not be compelled to go abroad where this system is in vogue. A hospital is the teaching center of the community. Canada has a luxury tax for the hospital upkeep. The thrifty Scotch have a fine maternity hospital in Glasgow, and Ireland has the Royal Rotunda in Dublin. The American doctor has an expensive trip abroad to one of these hospitals.

Have you had to pay a lawyer's fee lately?

W. F. Hewitt, M.D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: It is refreshing to note that a little amusement was injected, inadvertently I think, into the "Baby Racket" controversy now whining in your Communications columns.

"The majority (90 percent) [of the M.D.'s] are a hard-working, conscientious, self-sacrificing group of men." Well now, we are permitted just a little gurgle on this, are we not? Dr. Leo J. Ward appreciates, I trust, how a little merriment is good for a patient even though the patient be the editor of The Commonweal to whom the Doctor administers a very strong and unpalatable dose in the February 15 issue.

After the editor has made all the usual grimaces upon taking the bitter stuff, he may be permitted to ask: "Wasn't there something in that to make you laugh?"

And how very cheering it must be for the editor to be told quite candidly that "I shall continue to read The Commonweal"! With the medicine and this palliative, the editor can, perhaps, be now said to be doing as well as can be expected, and when he recovers somewhat, he must revise his evaluation of "150,000 physicians in this country" and give each one "90 percent"; that is, if this "less than $100 a week" ministration has not destroyed his sense of humor.

C. J. Gallagher.

THE CATHOLIC DAILY

Albany, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Joseph F. Healy is, I believe, right in pointing out the drawbacks to maintaining a Catholic daily. Not only are there serious financial difficulties involved, but the newspapers competing with such a daily would accord Catholic news considerably less space, for the simple reason that many of their former Catholic readers would now be buying the new paper instead.

Moreover, there is a matter not mentioned by Mr. Healy, the fact that one such journal would be entirely inadequate. Because of the large area of the United States, there is no such thing as a daily which is bought and read nationally in place of a local paper. A newspaper's reader-radius is hardly more than one hundred to two hundred miles. Most of its circulation is much closer to it than that. To cover the country, or even the more populated sections, not one but a whole group of dailies would be necessary.

People who speak of excellent Catholic daily papers to be found in Europe, and lament our supposed backwardness in this respect, fail to properly consider that political and social conditions abroad differ from those in this country. On the Continent most political parties have tenets more or less seriously opposed to those of the Church. A good percentage of the daily journals have anti-Catholic leanings. Under such circumstances Catholic dailies are sometimes a necessity. But in the United States there exists no clear-cut party opposition to the Church. And open anti-Catholicism is almost entirely absent among American newspapers.

It is, of course, too true that the secular papers carry much that is opposed to Christian dogma and morals. But it is impractical to withdraw our patronage (and also our influence) completely from them. Instead of this isolating and heavily burdensome course, it is more feasible: (1) to support as readers, wherever there is a choice, the secular paper which comes nearest to satisfying Catholic principles; (2) to protest to the editor against particular cases of offensive matter; and (3) to read a diocesan weekly paper as a supplement and partial corrective to the daily. These weeklies are still very far from possssing the circulation they should have.

Frank P. Mothersell.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Joseph F. Healy said something in The Commonweal of February 1, under the caption, "The Catholic Daily." Practically every one of his assertions or suggestions is supported by thirty-odd years of observation and experience in contact with printers' ink of one kind or another.

The Church has found it wise or expedient to adapt itself to many modern tendencies and developments. Why not make analogous adaptation to modern ways and means of letting the rest of the world know what the Church is, what it does and why?

But the job is not one for an amateur—not one for some ambitious young cleric or enthusiast whose friends think he or she has "literary" talent. It calls for intelligent, experienced professional handling. So handled, the job need have no taint of press agentry, and need entail no sacrifice of dignity.

Bernard J. Mullaney.

PURSUING CHARITY

Mankato, Minn.

TO the Editor: The Commonweal is showing us that a publication may take a very high plane and yet serve the readers' simplest needs.

It was a delight to find in a late number that the Red Cross in New York was giving a course of training in home economics to veterans' wives, thus helping them to help themselves. Your readers might be interested in the work of a group of veterans' wives in our little town:

The American Legion Auxiliary, which is composed of veterans' wives, as well as their mothers and sisters, have opened a school for the needy of the community. Those having the largest families to feed get the preference. The school board

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has given them a domestic science room, in which class had been suspended on account of the hard times. They have engaged a regular domestic science teacher, and they provide the food stuffs. Class is held five days of the week, and the learning is done by doing. When the meal is ready, the class carries it home with them. To fill up the time during the cooking of the food, a sewing class has been formed where they make garments for themselves and their families. The Red Cross has supplied most of the material. Class opens at half past one in the afternoon and closes about four.

The atmosphere of our warm bright room is pleasant to these women coming from their dark cold homes, and human society is very grateful to them during the isolation of the winter. It gives them a purpose for every day and an incentive to tidy themselves up. Many of them bring a little one with them, and these children are very good and play quietly together. The spirit of the whole venture is hospitality, and yesterday when the epistle for the Sunday was read, I found out what I had been doing the previous day, when I went out to seek some families where I knew there were many children and small means—I was "pursuing hospitality." And that is just what this group of veterans' wives are doing in their school, pursuing hospitality.

This is our second year, and no effort to relieve the distress of the times is more popular in our town and none, it seems to me, more easily carried out. The depressing effect of "begging" is altogether removed, for the women think they have well earned their meal, and we who are providing it feel the same way about them.

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER.

MANUFACTURING THE WRITER

Pittsfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: Will you permit a professional craftsman to subscribe to Harry Hansen's doctrine that "no one can teach anyone else to write"? His defense of his position, as published in your columns, is perfect. His logic is unassailable. A first-class writing man himself, he knows his literary onions. He has arrived.

It is true that you can tell persons what to avoid. You can tell them that they ought not to end a sentence with a preposition. You can tell them that they ought not to split their infinitives. You can tell them that they ought not to fashion long, involved sentences. You can tell them that they should express themselves so clearly that even he who runs may read. You can tell them that, when they try to describe the act of Napoleon in crossing the Alps, the casual reader should know at the end whether he ever got across or not. But writing, essentially, is a gift straight from the gods. Olympus does not smile on all. The soul of it is inside, already. You do not put it in much as you would put gasoline or oil into an automobile.

We say that a person who has strung certain phrases together is dull. In the case of another we romp through the enchanted pages, hoping and praying that we never shall reach the end. One of these persons would like to write. The other knows how! One may have the desire. The other is vivid and vital. Do not let anyone persist in the delusion that everyone who touches a pen has been fanned by the afflatus. Let none of us lose our sense of scale, proportion and assessment. Let us bear in mind constantly the difference between the carpenter and the artist.

JOSEPH HOLLISTER.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Miracle Plays

POSSIBLY the market place, or the steps of a cathedral would enhance the singular and radiant charm of the mediaeval miracle plays which the Stage Alliance has been giving in the Theatre Guild playhouse on Sunday evenings. But there are no real market places left, and certainly cathedral steps in a modern city give forth on to traffic roars of too great proportions to make the ideal setting possible. We must rest content, and well content, that an attempt of such rich sincerity has actually been made, and that New York has found it possible to shelter and to welcome ardently the glamorous simplicity of the theatre of the ages of faith.

It is the purpose of the Stage Alliance to give other plays of other centuries as well, but it is at least significant that the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries should furnish the inspiration for the initial effort. These were centuries which managed to combine the seeds of modern realism with the essence of that symbolic purity which should be part of the great theatre of all ages. In the classic Greek drama, the symbolism was essentially neurotic. The important Greek tragedies center on irreconcilable conflicts, such as the son or daughter being compelled to kill a mother in order to avenge the mother's murder of the father, one crime begetting another in an endless chain. This is typical, of course, of any neurotic problem, the neurosis being produced by the apparent impossibility of deciding between two evils. The plot and action of the Greek tragedies symbolized this hopeless confusion. The outward form of the dramas was realistic—progressively so as we pass forward from Aeschylus through Sophocles to Euripides. But it lacked the quality of friendly familiarity which was distinctive of mediaeval religious drama, just as the inner substance of Greek symbolism lacked the spirit of redemption and of the solution of conflict which emerged from every line of the miracle plays.

The secular drama of today, by and large, follows the Greek pattern of neurotic conflict and confusion of standards. It is only the exceptional modern play which carries the theme of spiritual resurrection after battle. This makes it doubly interesting to have a modern theatre group select mediaeval plays as a starting point for a series of historical revivals. It is refreshing, too, to have these plays approached in a spirit of reverent simplicity, rather than with the overpowering pageantry of Norman Geddes's memorable production of "The Miracle."

There is room for criticism of the present efforts on the grounds that they have tried to add too much of Martha Graham's modernistic mannerisms. Miss Graham has directed the performances—and quite rightly—in the spirit of the dance. Even when the movement is slow to the point of supreme dignity, the essence of the ritual dance remains. That, I take it, is no more than a recognition of the universal rhythm which Dante found throughout creation. But in the very fact of rhythm itself we can find an explanation of the subtle differences between one age and another, between two civilizations or traditions, and between one religious attitude and another. The rhythm of the neurotic Greek spirit, of the irreconcilable conflict, is something vastly different from the healing and reconciling rhythm of the Cross. In the Greek spirit, we find a reason for abrupt or angular motion, for deliberate distortion; but not in the spirit of Bethlehem or Calvary. Miss Graham herself has caught the distinction—at times! But there are

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too many occasions when her confusion of Greek and Christian rhythms results in something ungainly and bewildering, as if a petulant imp were peering through a sacred veil, and occasionally shaking the veil to draw attention to himself.

This criticism has nothing to do with the sincerity of motive behind Miss Graham's work. It is more a matter which might be due to insufficient steeping in the traditions she is trying to interpret, or to the mistaken belief that a given technique can be forced to fit a spirit which is infinitely greater than any technique. It might also be due to inexperience in the particular technique of combining pantomime and dance with dialogue spoken by a narrator. Miss Graham certainly deserves the highest commendation for her pioneering audacity, and it may well be that in years to come she will enrich the substance of her work and find throughout that illumination which she now catches only at intervals.

The Theatre Alliance has given added evidence of its desire to lend authenticity to these revivals by taking counsel with the Pius X School of Liturgical Music and with an authority on ritual. As a result, the musical background for most of the plays has the true Gregorian flavor and wave-like rhythm. The costuming of the various plays takes full account of the fact that most of these plays were originally performed in monasteries, but does not fail to take full advantage of opportunities for rich coloring and dramatic contrasts. The settings are extremely simple and purposely naive, serving the sole object of representation rather than realistic reproduction. Their very simplicity throws the actors and dancers into sharper relief.

The fact that, at the second Sunday evening performance, the capacity of the Guild playhouse was apparently taxed to a point where standing-room admissions were required would seem to indicate the possibility of carrying this revival effort still further and of making it part of the permanent theatrical fare of New York. Certainly nothing better indicates the sharp contrasts and deep cross-currents of our times. We are in one of those periods of stark realities when people are searching, as seldom before, for values and standards—a period of extremes, with the worst and the best battling on every side. In the world of the theatre, the self-same people can be found one evening at "Design for Living," with all its implications of degeneracy, and the next evening at miracle plays stemming from the soul of Christendom. It is at such times that men are privileged to lead lives of high adventure.

The Friendship of the Old

There is no friendship such as old men know—
  Old men who sit and talk of things gone by
  As wintry leaves recall the summer sky,
Brooding beneath the silence of the snow.
There is no softer peace than that which comes
  When all the turbulence of youth is gone,
  And thoughts of love and laughter linger on
Like far, faint echoes of receding drums.

The friendship of the old is like the bond
  Of leaves for mossy earth, of stones for grass;
  Their words are wise as wintry winds that pass
Over a lonely wheat field, or a pond
  Dreaming of summer in its ice-bound sleep—
  The friendship of the old is rich, and deep.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS.

BOOKS

Exposition of Quandaries

Can America Stay at Home? by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

THE question raised in this book is of vital importance, and cannot be studied too carefully. Mr. Simonds is a widely known authority on international affairs. He deals with the perennial struggle between the internationalists and isolationists for the control of American policy. The particular issues which he dwells on are the internationalism which prevailed just before and during the war; the isolation that came immediately after the war; and the fruitless interference with European policies that in his view has prevailed during the last half of the decade we have just gone through.

In the three main sections of his book Mr. Simonds analyzes the varying policies of the Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations. First comes the internationalism of our war president. The record shows clearly that President Wilson's devotion to American neutrality was not in accordance with his warning letters to Germany, which were belligerent to such an extent that if not complied with they were bound to cause a rupture, which in the end was what actually happened. In such negotiations, he ignored the American people's age-long contentment with isolation. The repudiation of the Versailles Treaty not only by the Senate, but by the greater part of the public, was the proof of the failure of Wilson's course. In that action is shown also, Mr. Simonds believes, the failure of the people as a whole to realize what Wilson was trying to do for them, and he considers that what happened when the drama of the war days came to a close clearly demonstrates their folly.

Next comes the period of isolation of the Harding-Coolidge régime, which, although it began with absolute separation from European entanglements, in the end had to give way before the growing clamor of business men to protect their interests abroad, and to have the war debts settled to their advantage. Mr. Simonds shows how the conferences held during this time all came to nothing on account of our policy of trying to compel Europe to do our will even when it is not in accordance with European interests. For the bungling of the Dawes Plan, by which the people were actually paying the reparations of Germany, he lays the blame where it rightfully belongs, that is at the door of the Senate, and the financiers.

The last section is a study of President Hoover, and his policy of interfering in European conferences, but at the same time, when asked to coöperate, of always backing out. Mr. Simonds relates how the President throughout his term endeavored to have European nations disarm, but because the United States was not a member of the League the nation lacked the only means to safeguard itself without the use of arms. His five power and arms conferences are regarded by Mr. Simonds as examples of this self-defeating policy. So also, the inadequate effects of the moratorium and the Lausanne Conference indicate that Mr. Hoover's efforts to straighten out international money matters were just as chaotic as his predecessors' attempts at balancing the books. The Hoover doctrine, as portrayed by Mr. Simonds, in fact, is an utter fallacy. Its futility was exhibited in the attempt to expel Japan from Manchuria. There was nothing to back up Mr. Hoover's words except war, and that was just what he did not want. The refusal to support the League of Nations killed all possible effectiveness the League might have had, which in turn allowed Japan to have its own way, to the detriment of peace in Asia.

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In his summing up, Mr. Simonds points out the differences between European and American conditions, and the failure of Europe and America to understand each other. He claims that isolation in fact has gone forever, and that either America will have to stop all its export trade, or take its seat with the rest of the nations of the world whenever a crisis arises, so as to co-operate with and not hinder Europeans in dealing with their difficulties, which are mainly geographical and traditional ones. Only in that way, Mr. Simonds believes, can America hope to do its full part to keep and maintain world peace.

P. H. WILLIAMS.

American Cooking

The National Cook Book; a Kitchen Americana, by Sheila Hibben. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE DIETITIANS, I see by the papers, have discovered that "there is no reason why we shouldn't consider flavor again in relation to nutrition. . . ." I was not aware that they had ever considered flavor, and I am equally in the dark about why they abandoned that consideration, but I can guess why they are returning to it. They are like the man who fed his horse on shavings, and found that about the time the ungrateful beast got used to them, he died.

I don't like dietitians. I would run miles to avoid one. They remind me of hospitals, where the macaroni, the boiled potato, the rice and the white bread all come in on the same tray, cold and clammy; and when you diffidently suggest that there's a good deal of starch for one meal you're airily informed that the menu was prescribed by the dietitian who of course knows a great deal better than the patients what is good for them. I blame the dietitians in a fifty-fifty ratio with the proprietors of white-tiled restaurants for the decline of cooking in this country. The good ones are good chemists and bad cooks; and most of them are not even good chemists. A really good cook knows more about dietetics than a whole annual meeting of the Dietetics Association. Sheila Hibben, for example. The dietitian will talk to you in terms of calories and vitamins, and leave you feeling that it doesn't matter whether you eat or not because there isn't much to live for anyway; but Sheila Hibben talks in terms of nourishing food appetizingly prepared, and suddenly you find yourself forgetting your individual troubles and the general depression and dashing out in the rain to buy "The National Cook Book."

And when, I ask, have the embattled dietitians ever broken any lances against the school of thought which teaches that dressed-up dishes are good dishes? Alone in a wilderness of maraschino cherries and marshmallows, Sheila Hibben's voice has been raised to remind the bemused housewife who takes her menus along with her taste in literature from the "experts" of the women's magazines, that food is not for the eye but for the stomach. She is fighting a dual battle for civilization, really: on the one hand, against the puritan spirit (represented by the dietitians, I regretfully but firmly insist), which I would define as a firm belief in doing other people for their own good as you see it, and no silly nonsense about making their own good seem attractive; on the other hand, against that flabby and sentimental revolt from puritanism represented by women's-club culture, of which the marshmallow is the unchosen and revealing symbol.

What I like about this new crusade is that Sheila Hibben has found the materials for it in American civilization itself. I am a little weary of the people who show us what is wrong with America by holding up European civilization as an example of

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NEXT WEEK

NEW LIGHT ON BIRTH CONTROL, by Frank A. Smothers, discusses the relatively new method (or theory) for what is called "natural birth regulation" which depends on the rhythm of fertility in women. This subject is much in controversy at the present time. Mr. Smothers is not a polemist for any one of the extreme positions but reviews various authoritative statements and the likelihood that "natural birth regulation" far from being at variance with Catholic morals, shall prove a bulwark of strength to them. . . . THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES, by Margaret Williamsen, a splendid article on the Organized Unemployed of Minneapolis, which we had scheduled for this week, has been held over until next week. The reader will find this a heartening story of native American enterprise. . . . A LAYMAN'S APPRAISAL, by P. W. Wilson, is a good-natured analysis of the volume entitled "Rethinking Missions" which was rather mysteriously sponsored by seven Protestant denominations, namely, the Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Episcopal, Congregational, Reformed Churches, Northern Baptists, Presbyterians and United Presbyterians. Mr. Wilson finds that the work had not a little of the futility and tyranny of superficiality which characterized the abortive and awful absolutes of technocracy. . . . THE CRISIS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, by Robert du Chalieu, is an attempt at a brief but somewhat comprehensive picture of the dreary ravages of ruthless competition in world commerce. And who shall stay the bold who say, "Let us grab!" and what shall govern them? "The next decade will be marred by catastrophes likely to cripple Western civilization forever," says the writer, unless Christian principles are recognized to be of as immediate importance as the appetites of materialism.

all that ours should be and is not. Any American who has traveled awake in Europe knows that what is wrong here is precisely what is wrong there: the debasement and vulgarization that follows in the wake of economic decline. Europe simply has more vestigial remains of culture because Europe is older. So Europe is no very shining example after all. Therefore it is something of a relief when the critic of American civilization summons us to follow our own best standards.

"They order these things better in France," has become the watchword of both kinds of Americans in Paris: the kind you see in the shops of the Right Bank, decked out in the latest Parisian fashion and looking like raw money; and the kind you see in the cafés of the Left Bank sipping *apéritifs* in the intervals between articles for the American magazines on "Why American Intellectuals Leave Home." The Right Bankers go to Ciro's and come home maintaining the superiority of the French cuisine; the Left Bankers go to the innumerable cheap and not so clean little restaurants and write home maintaining the superiority of the French cuisine. The fact really is that French cooking, like American cooking, has gone off. Never mind the reasons. You can get food in Paris as good as in any high-class New York speakeasy, if you can pay for it. And you can get food as bad as in any cheap little New York restaurant if you can't pay for better. It may be that the die-hards are right in maintaining that there are more cheap and good restaurants in Paris than in New York; but a considerable experience has left me doubtful.

The answer to the watchword so obligingly supplied by Sterne is, "They also order them better in America." And here we get right down to brass tacks—though the figure is unfortunate in connection with eating. Look at the engaging map of American eating which forms the jacket of Sheila Hibben's book, and you will understand before you have cracked the nice blue cover how she could remark in her equally engaging introduction that " . . . the feeling with which I end my work is that of a special sort of patriotism, a real enthusiasm for the riches and traditions of America, astonishment at the variety and flavor of the victuals native to all our own communities. . . ."

There is good cooking in America. This cook book proves it. For days it has been my sole literary diet; I know its regional index by heart. What is more important, I have tried its recipes —the simple ones, of which there are, to my joy, a great many. Later I shall attack the more complicated ones, for with this guide to good food I expect shortly to be the world's second-best cook. Sheila Hibben comes first.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE.

The School-room

American General Education, by Andrew Fleming West. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $1.00.

TO THE former Dean of the Graduate School of Princeton University, Dr. Andrew Fleming West, we are indebted for a most thought-provoking study on general educational conditions in America. Conspicuously absent in this essay are the sensationalism and the revolutionistic ideas by which pseudo-educators attempt to break down the sales resistance of professors. Dr. West's first concern is the fundamental conduct of education, the basal factors and kinds of education. He gives a survey of American general education in reference to personnel, equipment and administration. In his critical treatise he presents a plan of studies which he considers as the desideratum, contrasting it with the inadequacies of our prevailing system. Such problems as the number of students, college en-

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trance requirements and the length of college courses are also exposed.

Dr. West insists upon research as the necessary part of graduate training. He writes, "It will help all to know what it means to investigate strictly a small problem, find out its bearings, ascertain just how what is known of the problem may lead or actually does lead to some addition to the stock of existing knowledge, then determine exactly what this new addition is, and finally relate it to the already existing body of knowledge. This makes truth seem more real and vivid and thereby helps to stir the true investigator to finer effort." Dr. West differentiates between research in the humanities and scientific research. However, while emphasizing the research element, he does not neglect mastery of the subject as an essential feature of graduate work. Dr. West also suggests that graduate schools of professional studies might do a great deal to elevate the general level of professional education.

There are many features in Dr. West's work which agree with the dominant thought of Catholic educators. Dr. West is opposed to federal control of education, because of the non-homogeneity of our peoples and localities, the necessity of developing regional and local self-reliance in handling education, and, lastly, because of the danger of political interference. Dr. West is also an advocate of a cultural curriculum which will embrace studies of the greatest general educational value, and which will emphasize the rational relations of these studies to each other. He is of the opinion that young students "do not need more studies, but fewer studies . . . and more study."

Perhaps some of our Catholic colleges might benefit greatly by applying the five principles enunciated by Dr. West as underlying all plans of studies. One gets the impression, in looking through the average college schedule of courses, that the campus politics, rather than the welfare of the student, may have dictated the arrangement of studies. Dr. West also pays tribute to the classics as performing an important function in cultural development. We also sympathize with the idealism of Dean West in his viewpoints on teacher training. Dr. West particularly criticizes the tendency to substitute a few special courses in education for training in the specific subject one is to teach.

While it merely pretends to be an essay and not an exhaustive treatise, "American General Education" will be gratefully received by many college and university professors as the mature thought of an experienced educator who deserves a respectful hearing.

MAURICE S. SHEEHY.

To the South Seas

Mutiny on the Bounty, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THREE distinct backgrounds are so skilfully woven into a harmonious and exciting whole by the authors that "Mutiny on the Bounty" is quickly recognized as a book of unusual rarity. First there are the seas, above all the Pacific, which constantly recur. Then Tahiti with its natives living idyllically before the advent of Occidental colonization. Lastly there is His Majesty's navy busied over legal affairs. Captain Hall and Lieutenant Nordoff have artistically blended emotions to which the reader responds in experiences of gallant, sinister and strange adventures so intense they almost lose vicariousness.

The narrative is told in the words of the young midshipman, Roger Byam, who makes his maiden voyage on the Bounty. The ship's mission to the South Seas, following shortly on the

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death of Captain Cook, was to collect breadfruit trees in Tahiti and transport them to the West Indies. Captain Bligh, in command, united excellence as a navigator with that meanness and tyranny which results from abuse of power. The reader is overripe for mutiny long before the crew. Indeed our times so differ from those of the eighteenth century that one feels little sympathy for men who, when the decisive moment came, entrusted their fate to their superior officer. Yet the course of each, despite the vast differences in temperament, is derived from reasons which the authors have cleverly made apparent. This is, in itself, an extraordinary achievement.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" abounds in beauties of descriptive writing which, chameleon-like, take on the colors and moods of exceedingly varied environments—tropical languorousness contrasted with storm; the complexity of the civilized with the simplicities of the uncivilized; the rigidity of rules with the flexibility of human conduct; the personal equation with the sternness of naval procedure. The reader becomes Roger Byam and suffers with him in cold and hunger, in the chains of a forecastle hell, in mental turmoil, in an open and heavily weighted launch through the hardships of a voyage, incredulous were it not history, from the Society Archipelago to Asia. Byam represses some of his emotions but the reader does not. The latter's indignation against injustice, at least, mounts higher. And if the note of tragedy on which the book closes is muted, it does not sound less emphatic or pathetic.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Aesthetic Guidance

Art and Nature Appreciation, by George H. Opdyke. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

ONE OF the reasons adduced for exercising care in reading Elie Faure's engaging "History of Art" is that he can very soon get you beyond your depth. He sees art only in its spiritual meaning and in the setting of the age when it was produced. Hence, in his "History," there are none of those descriptions that used to be so common in museum guide books. Such descriptions, taking the random, hypothetical example of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," would tell us where the painter saw such a scene and perhaps what prompted her to paint it. Such descriptions do not foster real art appreciation.

Mr. Opdyke's book, containing a distinguished sort of *nihil obstat* from the American Institute of Architects, a fine tribute to this business man who worked out the proper principles of aesthetic guidance for himself aided by wide observation and wide reading, has in it just the information necessary for a reasoned and very sensitive appreciation of all art. The author shows us how to look and what to look for. He maintains the correct distinction that the descriptions of nature which art essays are attempts not at accuracy but at adequacy. In art, then, in its light effects, its color, its line, form, mass and composition, what the good artist strives for is suggestion.

Mr. Opdyke writes interestingly and the ordinary reader, or even the reader who has studied painting or has been a profound observer of nature's phenomena, will find engrossing information about the reflections and, thus, the effects, of water, about looking for the various high-lights in portraits, etc., etc. Did he ever know, for instance, that a person standing by an open window on a bright day shows a blue high-light, from the blue sky's reflection, on the forehead? The book is filled to the brim with similar observations, making the study of nature and the arts which depend upon her the fascinating pursuit that it is.

JAMES W. LANE.

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For Sophisticates

A Marriage of Convenience, by Anne Green. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

One More Spring, by Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

EITHER of these novels is an answer to that not infrequent prayer of the frivolous for an entertaining book. Both are bright and light and well written. The first concerns an American girl in France (it does not matter that in the book she is not American, for in every point of manner and character she is and thereby lends herself admirably to the vizualizations of the American reader). She frolics through the chateaux of the *ancienne noblesse,* and with her fiancé is up to all the pranks and turn-abouts of youth sometimes identified with youth's revolt and reform of the world. Scenes of Paris, painting, and frenetic dashings here and there by automobiles, trains and pony carts, are true after their fashion. The sparkle of the book turns in awhile to a taste of acid in the mouth, and so does that sort of life; thus a friend of the author could no doubt call it art.

The other novel, by the Robert Nathan who wrote "Peter Kindred," is an amusing fantasy of unemployment in present-day New York. The characters are droll, their situations farcical and one is led to laugh at their distresses. They camp out in Central Park, steal pigeons, save the life of a banker committing suicide, discover the charity of the poor, and generally have adventures that terminate happily. The story has a little of that heartlessness of determined cleverness that was noticeable in the other book, but it does make a joke of disaster; it really does.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Loveless

The Years of Peace, by LeRoy MacLeod. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

IF, AT the end of Mr. MacLeod's second novel, one is not convinced that one has read a great novel, neither is one convinced that it is negligible. Certain obvious excellences disclose its weaknesses. Its chief excellence is that of incident; its weakness is failing fully to articulate its characters. Mr. MacLeod's expertness in the invention and the recording of incident is that of vision, rather than that of technique: the details of observation of the Wabash country, of seasons, of farming, of processes of thought, are authentic, fresh. But though the countryside becomes substantial to the reader's imaginary tread, the characters that people it rarely assume reality. Objectively, one credits them; subjectively, they are not fully apprehended.

The period of "The Years of Peace" is that between 1865 and 1876. The drama is not of a country but of a compact countryside, a drama in miniature, that of the day-to-day existence of ordinary people leading ordinary lives: ambition, unequal love, infidelity, anger, regret, redress. Nevertheless, there are scenes of a painful intimacy, others of a rural cruelty. Mr. MacLeod's prose is memorable. He writes without reticence.

One is struck by the absence of love from these pages. The note of bitterness they contain seems to arise from an idea of action as the end of life. In "The Years of Peace" love seems more a fetter to be regretted than something to be realized.

Marriage, gossip, quarrels, the birth of children; planting, plowing, harvesting; death by natural and by unnatural causes; war in the background, in the world; these are the substances of "The Years of Peace."

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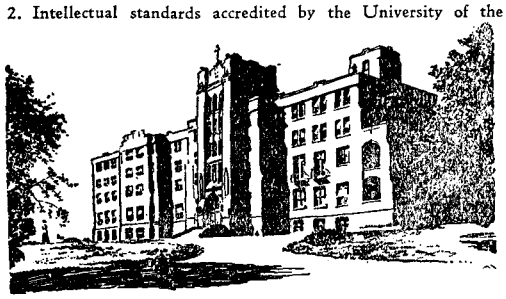
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Briefer Mention

The Contribution of Religion to Social Work, by Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.00.

THE AUTHOR, professor of applied Christianity in the Union Theological Seminary, gives credit to religion as a force in sociology, but his views are based on the concept that religion is a product of man instead of divinely revealed. Giving due considerations to the author's right to personal opinions, it may be said that the lectures abound with historical, philosophical and theological errors. There is little distinction between the exercise and abuse of religion. Communism is lauded as religion with vitality, but fanatic because it suffers from limitations that are of the nature of all religions. Generally speaking, the volume contains wrongly applied rationalism instead of applied Christianity. Since it is a publication of the New York School of Social Work and would not have been printed without consent to its doctrines, it gives the reader some estimate of its thought and pupils.

Sociology and Education, by Elsa Peverly Kimball. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

IN THIS monograph the author, who is a lecturer on sociology at Columbia University, shows the contrast between the educational theories of Spencer and Ward and the relation of these theories to their systems of philosophy. Hitherto but scant attention has been paid to these subjects. The attitude of the author is that Spencer's and Ward's views complement each other. This she endeavors to show in interesting essays. That the theories of Spencer and Ward have greatly influenced social education is known to many but the real extent of this influence will surprise the reader. The chapters on the socio-educational milieus of the two men contribute much to the understanding of both. The book shows industry and fine discrimination.

So a Leader Came, by Frederick Palmer. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.00.

THE AUTHOR of this novel, who is well known as a war correspondent, here employs his swift, telegraphic style in a narration about a wholly well-meaning young man who by a series of swift demarches, makes himself a dictator and saves his country from chaos. There is an Oliver Optic quality to the whole thing that makes it rather less than a serious thematic novel. But for a boy or someone who is in the mood for brisk reading, this story will be found to move along with the rapidity of a good detective yarn and on a higher level.

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